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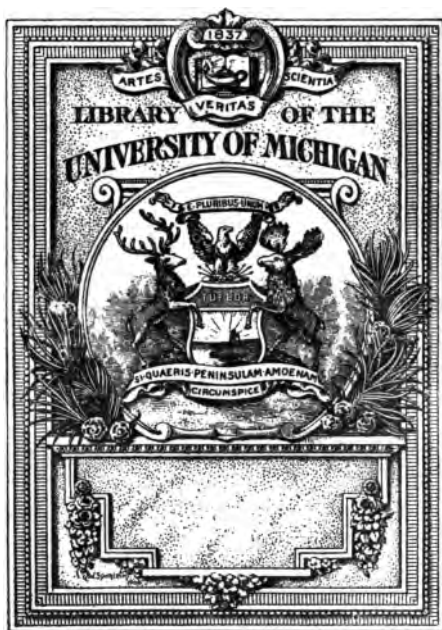
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FRANCE,

ITS

KING, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT;

AND

THREE HOURS AT SAINT CLOUD.

BY AN AMERICAN.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

WILEY AND PUTNAM,

161 BROADWAY.

AND LONDON, 35 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1841.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1940, by
LEONARD SCOTT,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of New York.

S. W. BENEDICT, PRINTER.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE following pages are a republication of a paper from a recent periodical, to which work, as it is there intimated, they were communicated from "a distinguished source," which the reader can be at no loss to designate. The authentic character and value of its statements and views, the absence of reliable information on the general subject to which it relates, and the interest which must attach to its personal narrative and anecdotes respecting the present able monarch on the throne of France—especially in reference to his former travels in this country—have induced the present publishers, for the benefit of the large class of readers to whom it would probably be more acceptable in the present mode of publication, thus to reproduce it in an extended and embellished form.

May, 1840.

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FRANCE,

ITS

KING, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT.*

A WISH to approach those who have filled distinguished parts on the theatre of human action, and to judge them independently of the *prestige* with which circumstances may have surrounded them, seems to be deeply implanted in the human breast. And among the anticipations with which the American traveler approaches the old world, there is none, perhaps, which promises him more gratification, than this hope of being able to survey more nearly the eminent men, of whose claims to renown distance of space enables us to judge with as much impartiality as distance of time will enable posterity. I have forgotten neither your wish, nor my promise, that I would communicate to you the im-

* Cour des Pairs. Atténtat des 12 et 13 Mai, 1839. Réquisitoire de M. le Procureur Général. Paris, pp. 107.

Cour des Pairs. Affaire des 12 et 13 Mai. Rapport fait à la Cour, les 11 et 12 Juin, 1839, par M. Mérilhou, comprenant les faits généraux, et la première série des faits particuliers. Paris, pp. 153.

pressions which might be made upon me, should circumstances bring me near any of these men whose character and actions will mark the age in which they live; or into familiar contact with those around them, and who cannot be deceived in their mental endowments or their moral worth. I have been long enough in Paris to have collected much information respecting the present king, Louis Philippe—and that, too, from persons who could neither be deceived nor be guilty of deception—and I propose to communicate to you the result of my observations.

If an American first sees the king when making an excursion, the impression is a painful one. He and his cortége generally occupy three carriages; in the first of which, drawn by eight horses, is the king, with such of his family as accompany him. They are preceded by an outrider in the royal livery (red,) and by two dragoons, who always keep themselves at a considerable distance from the main body, and who take care that the road is clear. These are followed by a detachment of dragoons immediately in front of the royal carriage; and on each side, and close to the doors, ride the aides-de-camp and orderly officers who attend the king; and then succeeds another detachment of dragoons. After this come the two other carriages, each drawn by six horses, and preceded by an outrider, which are occupied by the gentlemen and ladies of the court. The spectacle itself is a brilliant one, from the beauty of the horses, the neatness, as well as splendor, of the liveries of the outriders and postillions, and from the arms and uniforms of the military. As the procession always sweeps by at a rapid rate, it seems to exhibit itself and disappear like the pageants in a theatre.

But the spectator asks himself, how is it that the life of the king is exposed to perpetual attacks; and that the chief of one of the most polished nations in the world cannot venture into the streets of his capital without being surrounded by a physical force sufficiently strong to prevent all access to the royal person. The guards who attend the king of the French, whenever he leaves the walls of his palace, are not in the performance of a vain ceremony, like those with which many of the European sovereigns are accompanied; but they are in the execution of a necessary duty, and without their presence the life of the monarch would not be worth a day's purchase. What is the cause of this deplorable state of things? Is it the fault of the king or of his subjects—of the government or of the people? Is the root of the evil in the state of society, or in the course of political measures followed or rejected?

I have sat down to give you traits of mind and manners, slight delineations, by which you may be better enabled to appreciate the statements which reach you respecting the character and position of the king. Formal political discussions upon the operation of the French government, or upon the condition of the French people, I shall avoid. But to comprehend justly the position of the king, it will become necessary to look, however slightly, at the state of public opinion and society in the kingdom.

The Revolution of 1789 threw off the weight of despotism which had oppressed France during many ages; but it did not stop, like our own Revolution, at a mere change of some of the political institutions of the country; but extended itself into all the ramifications of life, civil, social, religious. It has accomplished a

vast benefit for France and for the world; though in looking back upon its different phases, it is evident, that with less *exaltation* of mind the same results might have been obtained, and years of trial and suffering spared to the country. Almost all the existing institutions of France owe their origin to the half-century which has just passed away—the annihilation of feudality and aristocracy—equality, the most perfect, before the law—the abolition of primogeniture in the descent of property—national representation, and its natural consequence, the rendering the representative chamber a central point of influence and authority—the fall of the ecclesiastical régime, with its secular riches and temporal power—the freedom of the press—and more than all, and above all, a public opinion ever vigilant to detect any abuse of authority, and ever ready to demand meliorations in the institutions of the country. But with these great advantages there is wanting a calm sedate, dispassionate spirit of inquiry, and an habitual attachment to certain general principles, found by experience to be essential to the prosperity of the country, and which ought to be placed by this consideration above the conflicts of party. In our political contests there are passions enough awakened; but the struggles which from time to time are carried on touch neither the foundations of our government, nor the institutions of society. Our parties all start from the same point; all recognise the adaptation of our political institutions to our manners and condition; and he would be a bold politician who should propose any fundamental change in the system we have adopted. But in France there are many parties, each with marked differences of opinion, from the extreme of un-

controlled monarchy to that of the freest democracy. It will be recollected, that if the spirit of inquiry is not checked in England, by that reverence for its institutions which springs out of past recollections, and which in these old countries enters so often into the habits of the people, and can be broken only by a revolution, it is still evident that it controls the public action, and impresses the efforts which are made at melioration with a character of discretion, that seems too often to degenerate into timidity or indifference. But the French Revolution made almost a *tabula rasa* of a large portion of the social system of France, and fifty years have been spent in remodelling it, building up and pulling down, doing and undoing in succession. The associations with the past have been thus obliterated, and time enough has not been allowed to substitute for these the convictions of the present. The Absolute Monarchy, the Constitutional Monarchy, the Republic, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, all have in turn governed the kingdom, and each has found advocates and opponents. These rapid and successive changes have produced their natural effects upon the ardent temperament of the French people; and where polemical discussions are so lively, and the liberty of the press so unfettered, it is not surprising that these have been followed by the propagation of every shade of opinion, and accompanied by a warmth, and, I may add, a bitterness of sentiment, which are fortunately unknown in our political dissensions. Minds have become *exalted*, as the French say, to a point which, with a portion of the population, seems inconsistent with the necessary and salutary restraints of even the freest governments. The supply

and demand of the necessary articles of life are in such a near equilibrium, in Europe, for the working population, that very slight causes suffice to derange the elements of production, and to throw out of employment, and into idleness and misery, a large class of society. And though this is generally the result of social, rather than of political, causes, and in the densely crowded state of the European nations would seem to be inseparable from any form of government, still the masses which feel the evil do not stop to explain the causes, but attribute the distress, which from time to time presses upon them, to the operations of the government, arising out of a defective constitution or a vicious administration. And these opinions are fortified and disseminated by the opposition journals, which in free governments are prone to throw upon the adversaries the burden of all the troubles which effect their state.

It will be readily perceived that here are inflammable materials enough to create an explosion, whenever the torch is applied. Still the question remains to be solved, why the King is so personally obnoxious, that his life is exposed to continual danger. And to answer this, we must look back at the Revolution of July, and see the effect it produced upon the various parties which combined to achieve that great work.

The restored government of the Bourbons met the fate which was to have been anticipated from a family characterized with more justice than is usually found in antithetical sentences, where truth is too often sacrificed to point, as having "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Their unconquerable prejudices and their studied ignorance of the feelings of the country they were called to govern, after an exile of twenty-five

years, were the prognostics, as well as the causes, of their ultimate fall. Their imperial predecessor had indeed left them a difficult task, even had they been required to fulfil it under happier auspices, and with habits of thought more in unison with the circumstances of their position. His career was so brilliant, that it may well have dazzled his countrymen, and left them unfitted for a milder domination. He was indeed a wonderful man ; and I have been more powerfully impressed than ever, since my arrival in France, with the prodigious force of his character, and with the gigantic scope, as well as with the vast variety, of his plans. I have often questioned the old military veterans of the Hotel des Invalids—those living remains of Jena, and Wagram, and Austerlitz, and of a hundred other fields—respecting their General, Consul and Emperor ; and it was easy to see by their sudden animation, and by their eager narrative, how proud they were to recount any little incidents which had connected them with him. His visit to their guard-fire, and his acceptance of a piece of their campaign bread, constituted epochs in their lives, to be lost only with the loss of reason or of existence. I am satisfied that circumstances have not been favorable to a just appreciation of the whole character of Napoleon in the United States. While he was at the head of the nation, we surveyed him very much through the English journals, and we imbibed all the prejudices which a long and bitter war had engendered against him in England. To be sure, his military renown could not be called in question, but of his civic talents a comparatively humble estimate was formed. I have since learned to correct this appreciation, particularly after I heard, at the hospitable table

of General Dumas—an early Friend of the United States, and who has since terminated his long and honorable career, universally respected and lamented,—a discussion concerning the comparative merits of Louis the Fourteenth and of Napoleon, as legislators and administrators. Those who took part in this interesting conversation were eminently qualified to support their peculiar opinions, and to review and analyze those events in the reigns of these sovereigns best suited to develop their personal characters; and still farther to mark those national institutions which have survived them both, and upon which the genius of the one or the other was imprinted. And I was not aware, till that time, that Louis Fourteenth occupied so high a station in the opinion of the French nation. I had pictured him—and such, I think, is the general estimate which the Anglo-Saxon school of history has formed of him—as a monarch imposing in his personal appearance; magnificent in all his views and habits; ambitious, rather from pride of character, than from the spirit of conquest; passionate for praise, under the guise of glory; encouraging the arts, to be extolled by the artists; and proclaiming himself the protector of literary men, that he might receive in return their adulation. But when I heard a vivid parallel run between him and the Emperor, and his claims to the approbation of posterity urged with great force of argument and knowledge of history, I began to recognize my error; and have subsequently returned from the illusion, if I may so call it, which concealed from me the true characters of two of the most eminent men in the history of France.

I had a conversation not long since with a retired

statesman, heretofore a prime minister, and who was an active member of the Council of State when the Code of Napoleon, that lasting monument of legislative wisdom, was under preparation and discussion. He told me the Emperor was punctual in his attendance at all the meetings, and careful in the consideration of the various subjects which occupied them; evincing wonderful sagacity, and great knowledge of the intricate questions, embracing the whole circle of human action, which were presented for solution. His zeal did not flag during all the progress of these labors, and there was great freedom of discussion; it being ardently the desire of the Emperor that all the important points should be subjected to profound examination; and fortunately for the character of the work, and for the welfare of the country, the Council contained many men qualified by their studies, habits, and talents, to render these new *pandects* worthy of the general intelligence of the age. I asked my informant, how the question of acceptance or rejection, as the several chapters came up for consideration, was determined; and, like a true American, I inquired if they were put to the vote. He smiled, and said there was no voting in the Council of State upon those topics,—that the Emperor listened patiently to all that was said, and then gave his opinion, and thus terminated the subject. He had, indeed, too often an iron will and a heavy hand, and a grasp of ambition that seemed to augment as kingdoms gave way before him. His fall was a salutary lesson, and useful to the world, though the pride of the country was humbled, and its wishes disregarded in the new transfer of power.

But if he was ambitious, he was ambitious.

France ; if he loved glory and power, he loved his country more ; and he finally fell because he would not consent to reduce her extent, and to deprive her of the fruits of a quarter of a century of victories. But his successor at the Tuilleries could not participate in this feeling, and it seemed as though it were his wish to annihilate the memory of all that France had done and earned after his expatriation. Consolidating the two reigns of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, into one, we have a period the most remarkable, perhaps, in the history of the world, for the want of adaptation of the measures of the government to the circumstances around it. There was a continued effort to approximate the epochs of 1789, and of 1815, as though the intervening events could be erased from the annals of mankind, and their effects from the memory and feelings of the French nation. How blind must he have been who could not or would not see, that in that space ages of ordinary life had been compressed ; and that there was more sympathy between the state of opinion at some of the turbulent councils of the middle ages and the convocation of the States General in 1789, than between the latter event and the accession of Louis Eighteenth to the throne of his ancestors. The change of flag, the war against the monuments of the Revolution, the careful removal of every memorial of Napoleon, and many circumstances of a similar character, which must be fresh in the recollection of every reader, are sufficient to indicate the tone and spirit of the new rulers. But there is an anecdote which, I have been told, is related in the diplomatic circle of Paris, that is so supremely ridiculous, and withal so truly characteristic of the fatuity—for I can

give it no milder term—of the unfortunate Charles the Tenth, that I cannot withhold it from your readers. This King had an inseparable aversion to pronounce the name of the King of Sweden, because he was a *parvenu*, having been freely raised by that gallant nation for his eminent qualities to the throne from which they had driven the unworthy descendants of their ancient line of princes. But this act of national justice was an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the restored monarch of France. At his levees, when he received the Diplomatic Corps, he usually addressed to each representative of a monarchical government some question respecting the health, residence, or family of his sovereign. When it came to the turn of the Swedish Minister to be received, the King, inflexible in his determination to avoid all reference to the northern monarch, inquired if there were any news from Sweden. The minister, the Count de Loewenheilm, a man of great worth and a veteran officer of high rank, as resolute that the King should hear the name of his sovereign as the latter could be not to pronounce it, invariably replied : “ I thank your Majesty, my master the King of Sweden, is very well.” And I have been told, by those who have often witnessed this royal and diplomatic encounter, that the question and answer were as regularly put and returned, as any other ceremony of the presentation. And the thing was so well understood, that the whole circle always prepared itself to see the effort of the King to preserve his dignity—and to smile at an exhibition of royal weakness. And yet such are too often human rulers. I think it probable, that our late Minister, Mr. Rives, who is favorably remembered in Paris, may have witnessed

this contest of dignity between the French King and the Swedish representative.

How different the conduct of Louis Philippe. He has associated himself with the glories of his country, and no petty jealousy has prevented him from doing justice to Napoleon. It is the province of genius to appreciate genius, and the King, no doubt, recognizes the eminent qualities of the great child of the Revolution. His busts and engravings are everywhere to be met with ; and his bronze statue, which stands upon the column of the Place Vendome, on which his glories are recorded, looks out upon his favorite city like some guardian genius. And I understand that the carpet which covers the saloon of reception, at the Tuilleries, was the work of Napoleon's day, and is emblazoned with his imperial emblems. It covered the same room during the Empire, but on the restoration of the Bourbons it was removed and deposited in some lumber apartment ; whence, however, it was withdrawn by the present King on his accession to the throne, and restored to its original destination.

It is scarcely credible, yet the fact is well known, that when the result of the elections of 1830 had left the government in a minority in the chamber of Representatives, and had given proof of the discontent of the country, no preparation was made to meet the storm which the measures in contemplation necessarily tended to produce. The faithless and violent attack upon the constitution, dignified with the name of a *coup d'état*, but which was in truth one of the most perfidious efforts which power has ever made to crush public rights, found the King at St. Cloud, calmly enjoying the pleasures of rural life. When the cannon of Paris,

the knell of his power, announced to him that the people had risen, and that his crown, and perhaps his life, depended on the issue of the contest, he was engaged in a game at cards, and tranquilly gave orders to his *Grand Huntsman* to arrange a hunting party for the next day. But that day opened with a different chase, and there were other hunters and other game in the field, and the unfortunate monarch became himself the stricken deer. Had this effort of arbitrary power proved successful, the fruits of the Revolution would have perished, and France would have been prostrated at the foot of a master. Still more, it would have been the signal for the death-blow to all the free institutions of Continental Europe, and would everywhere have opened the way for the same conspiracy against public rights which is now so boldly in progress in Hanover. But France arose in its strength, and the reigning branch fell in its weakness.

A new order of things was substituted for the past, and a new dynasty called to sit upon the throne. But this period of change was necessarily a period of excitement. All but the advocates of exploded principles put their hands to the great work of restoration, though with expectations as different as the various shades of opinion which divided them. This state of feeling is well illustrated by the phrase then so much in vogue, and which seemed to embody the opinions of a great portion of the community, "a monarchy with republican institutions." The thought was new and and the expression epigrammatical, and it took forcible hold of the public imagination. Every one knew what a republic was, and every one knew what a monarchy was ; but a monarchical republic or a republican monarchy, was a something new under the sun, and eve-

ry one was left free to give to it such attributes as agreed best with his own political views. And in this latitude of expectation, no doubt, many warm and honest partisans belonging to different shades of opinion saw in the new government the very *beau idéal* they had formed for themselves in their political reveries. A monarch called to administer a government under these circumstances, becomes in fact the representative of the various parties contributing to the work, and each expects that the measures to be adopted will be in conformity with the *programme* he has formed for himself. A curious proof of this divergence of opinion is to be found in the published narrative of a committee which waited upon the king some time after his accession, among which was Mr. Lafitte, and where it is quite evident that very different expectations had been formed respecting the general tendencies of the new government the parallel between the great revolutions of England and of France, and their subsequent events, till the establishment in each country of a new line of sovereigns, is so striking, as not to have escaped the observation of the most careless reader of modern history. But Louis Philippe did not, as did William the Third, owe his elevation to the throne alone or principally to his relation to the expatriated branch. He was indeed the eldest of the second line; and in his accession the principle of succession was violated as little as possible, consistently with the revolution effected. But the preservation of that principle would not have been enough to secure the crown to him, had he not possessed other advantages, resulting from his character, principles, talents, and services, which weighed heavily in the balance in his favor. He was called to the throne by general acclamation, and never could a position be

more difficult, both with respect to external and internal affairs. Europe was upon the *qui vive*, standing with arms in hand, mistrusting the new government, and almost ready to recommence the work of invasion. At home, as we have seen, each party looked to the king as the representative of its opinion—not because he had come under the slightest obligation, except the general one imposed by the charter, but because the foundation of the new government was laid hastily, and amid general excitement, and without that cool and public deliberation which is essential to the perfection of such a work; and because there was consequently ample room for the most fervent politician to find his favorite principles promulgated and established. When, in the progress of the administration, different parties and sections of parties found their expectations disappointed, and the Utopia which had been anticipated giving way to the reality of a government adapting its energies to the trials it was destined to encounter, then came the conviction of unfulfilled hopes, and the bitterness inseparable from political exaltation awakening to the belief that it had been cajoled and deceived. And the king, from the course of events, was held responsible for all these disappointments, and soon became peculiarly obnoxious to the partisans of all the opinions tending towards republican principles. The Revolution of 1789 gave a severe blow to the Christian religion in France, from which it will take a long series of years fully to recover; and to this day society is in a great degree deprived of the security which the principles of Christianity, where they are firmly established, are so well calculated to ensure. When, therefore, political passions break out violently in France, there is little to restrain their operation but the fear of

punishment. And this is often set at naught by the zeal and fanaticism which have come down to the younger class of the existing generation, as one of the most striking legacies of the Revolution. There are at all times, in these old countries, many desperate adventurers, desiring a change in the actual establishments, in the hope of finding some personal advantages in the confusion. And it is difficult for an American to conceive an idea of the true state of the working class, upon whose passions these men continually operate. Perhaps thirty cents a day, or a little more, may be the average price of labor throughout France; and out of this the workman must clothe and feed himself. And then come the seasons of interruption, when work is almost discontinued, and when the starving mechanics are thrown upon the community, to seek the support of life as they can. With us, every honest industrious man can reasonably expect to provide something in the meridian of life for its decline. By emigrating westward, he can procure a piece of land, and close his days surrounded by his family. But such an occurrence in Europe would be little short of a miracle; and in this reasonable expectation of an eventual acquisition of property in our country, with the moral stimulus which accompanies it, and in this despair of the future which seems almost inseparable from the condition of a European laborer, I trace one of the most striking distinctions between a new society and an old one, and one of our surest guarantees for the perpetuation of our institutions.

An illustration confirmatory of this state of things is furnished by the law of conscription. By this law every young man, after the age of twenty years, is lia-

ble to serve in the army. He draws for his chance of enrolment, and is then called as his number, and the exigencies of the public service may require. He serves seven years, precisely at the time of life when he ought to be forming himself for his eventful duties, and laying the foundation of any respectability he may hope to acquire. It is precisely the period which, with us, if lost, would be lost irreparably. The average annual demand of conscripts in France, to keep the army at its requisite number, is eighty thousand; and this immense amount is every year drawn from the class of the population in the very spring-time of life, to be returned—such of them indeed, as have the luck, good or bad, as it may be, to return—seven years after, without any preparation for eventual usefulness. But the most remarkable fact in all this institution is the pay which these forced soldiers receive—a pay which, after making the deductions that go to the government for indispensable supplies, amounts to *one cent* a day, twenty-five dollars and a half for seven years' services! And yet this process of military supply seems firmly established and engrafted on the habits of society; nor have I seen, among all the propositions with which the public has been excited, since my residence here, for the melioration of the existing institutions of the country, a single allusion to this greatest of all practical oppressions. And I cannot account for this apparent indifference to a subject which strikes every American with astonishment, unless it results from the conviction that a bare support is all the laboring classes can procure by the most fortunate exertion, and that it may as well be in the army as elsewhere. One circumstance, however, renders this arrangement more acceptable

than it would otherwise be, and that is its perfect equality. It operates upon all with the same severity, and is executed with the most rigid impartiality.

But let us return from this digression, upon the peculiar state of public opinion in France, to the considerations connected with the personal condition of the monarch. The question, why he is exposed to those attempts at assassinations, which have so often afflicted all the right-thinking portion of the community, and astonished Christendom, will not be wholly inexplicable, after the slight sketch I have given. But the king has another misfortune—a misfortune, indeed, for a King of France, in the opinion of some of his subjects, but an inappreciable blessing for the world—he desires the maintenance of peace, by all just means consistent with the rights and proper dignity of the country. From the earliest period of the development of the *pugnacious power*, mankind have been more or less the passionate admirers of military renown and the dupes of military glory. But France is the country, *par excellence*, where these feelings have acquired the most powerful ascendancy, and where, during many of the most exciting years in the history of the world, they were maintained at the highest pitch of exaltation by a series of triumphs, and ultimately, I may almost say, by a series of triumphal disasters, to which no parallel can be found in the contests of nations. The long war from the commencement of the Revolution to the return of the Bourbons—for the armed truce which succeeded the treaty of Amiens scarcely merits the name of a peace—nourished the military spirit of the nation, and engrafted its habits upon the institutions of the country; and notwithstanding the terrible interior evils

with which, according to our views, this state of things must have been attended, it is still looked back to as the *glorious* period of French history. But the king has not suffered himself to be led away by this vain pursuit, sacrificing the solid welfare of the nation to the acquisition of an idle word, an acquisition to be reached only through years of trials, exertion, and misery. His personal courage has never been doubted, and many times during his life it has been put to rude proofs. When yet young he served, in a high rank and with great distinction, in that glorious campaign under Dumourier which drove the Prussians from the French frontier, and first made known the indomitable resolution of the new Republicans. I have heard an anecdote, connected with this part of the king's life, which I understand he mentioned in an address to the officers, at one of the reviews that took place the last autumn at the camp of Fontainebleau, as an encouragement for good conduct in the military career—on which occasion there were present three intelligent young officers of our army, Messrs. Eustis, Turner, and Kearney, sent out by the Secretary of War to improve themselves in the cavalry school of Saumur. It illustrated in a forcible manner the wonderful moral impetus which the events of the Revolution gave to the adventurous portion of the community, and exhibits one of the most powerful causes of the enthusiastic attachment evinced for it. Among the manœuvres performed at Fontainebleau, was the formation of a square by the infantry to resist the charges of the cavalry, within which the king and his cortège took their position, as the superior officers do upon the field of battle, when such a disposition becomes necessary. The king remarked afterwards, in an address to

the officers, that in 1792, a charge of the Austrian cavalry, in one of the battles upon the northern frontier had compelled a portion of his division to form a similar square, in which he placed himself, and by which the enemy was repulsed. In the ranks of that square, said the king, were two private soldiers, commencing their military career, and now, when, having almost finished it, full of honors and years, they are present upon the ground, to be found, not in the ranks of this square, but in the position formed by it, after having attained the highest honors of their profession. One of these fortunate soldiers was, I believe, Marshal Gérard; the name and rank of the other have escaped my recollection.

I never see the striking figure of Marshal Soult without recalling the glorious feats with which his military life has been filled; but I experience a still stronger emotion when I recall also his noble and touching allusion to his original condition, made last winter in the Chamber of Peers, in a discussion upon a proposition to remodel the statutes of the Legion of Honor; during which some allusion was made to the old order of St. Louis. To correct a misapprehension that seemed to prevail, the Marshal stated, that the cross of St. Louis was sometimes given to the private soldier, as a reward for brilliant services. I was, said he, a private soldier during six years preceding the Revolution, and all my aspirations were bounded by a hope of obtaining this distinction. There is something exceedingly touching in this avowal, made by a Marshal of France, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and the first subject in the kingdom. And these are the men who would have been all their lives retained in the

ranks of the army, had not the decrepitude of the old government, with its prejudices and oppressions, given way before the energies of a people awakened to a sense of their rights and to a conviction of their strength.

The government of July has displayed sufficient firmness upon several critical occasions, in Greece, in Africa, in Belgium, in Italy, at Lisbon, at Vera Cruz, and at Buenos Ayres, and has vindicated the national honor. It can point, however, to no series of splendid victories, and is destitute of the *prestige* which these would give. But the leading policy of the king is to preserve peace, and this trait was happily hit by the eminent diplomatist, Pozzo di Borgo, in the expressive title he gave the monarch, that of the "Napoleon of Peace." The time will come, and indeed is fast approaching, when the true duty of governments will be better appreciated, and when the claims of sovereigns to distinction will be estimated, not by the number of victories they may achieve, but by the progress and improvement of all those establishments and institutions which minister to the moral cultivation and to the physical comforts of society.

But this period has not yet arrived in France; and since its installation the reformed government has been exposed to repeated attacks, open and covert, having for their object its overthrow. The journals of the day have reported the history and progress and failure of those efforts, and their general *bearing* is sufficiently known in our country. But the days of May, 1839—(insurrectionary movements are emphatically called 'days' in France)—brought to light some new documents, and the prosecution which followed in the

Chamber of Peers gave birth to one of the most extraordinary publications in the whole history of human society. Its disclosures furnish an entirely new chapter in the progress of modern civilization, and exhibit the social and political condition of France in the most sombre colors. This publication is the official report made by the Committee of the Chamber of Peers appointed, according to the usages of that body, when sitting as a court of criminal justice, to draw up the history of the offence upon which the parties are brought to trial.

This *acte* of accusation has nothing in common with the miserable contrivance, called an indictment, which we have servilely copied from the English law, and which announces to the accused, and to the accuser, and to the court, the offence for which the justice of the country is invoked. It would be hardly credible among other nations, and yet the fact is not the less true, that in the freest government in the world every person may be brought to trial, from one end of the country to the other, and called, in the face of that country, to answer the most heinous charge, upon a brief formal statement which has the least possible connection with the true circumstances of his case. And to heighten the absurdity, every crime of the same nature, however different may be the facts connected with it, is described precisely in the same words; and this is so well established, that almost every prosecuting attorney furnishes himself with printed forms, and when a murder, a theft, an arson, or any other crime, has been committed, he draws from his files the proper blank form, and gravely inserts the name of the party, and as gravely, though without the least regard to the facts, the time and place when and where the

offence is charged to have been committed; and behold the unfortunate accused is sufficiently informed of the accusation against him—and all this notwithstanding the infinite variety of human actions, and the impossibility of finding two crimes precisely alike in their circumstances, from the commission of the first murder by the eldest born of Adam, to the last offence which has sullied the annals of justice. And to add, if possible, to this judicial **mockery**, these blanks left for time and place, which circumstances, independently of the name of the parties, are all that remain to constitute the identity of the action, may be filled up with *any* time and *any* place; for although, in the wisdom of our law, these accidents are so essential, that, if not stated, the indictment is void, still it is wholly unimportant that the statement should be true;—you must aver, but you are at full liberty to aver one thing and prove another.

The indictment of the French law, if it may be so called, is a very different procedure. It contains a full narrative of all the circumstances leading to, attending, and necessarily following, the alleged crime—not got up in dry technical language, but related with perspicuity, in the style which one would naturally use upon such an occasion. The *acte* prepared by the Committee of the Chamber of Peers, for the trial of the persons accused of the Revolutionary attempts of the 12th and 13th of May last, has been published, and forms a pamphlet of upward of a hundred and fifty pages. It contains an able summary of the various insurrectionary movements to which the government of July has been exposed, and then passes on to a minute recapitulation of the circumstances attending the attempt of May, 1839. It is interesting to a foreigner, from the

ability and frankness with which it discloses the true state of society in France at this moment, and the dangers to which the institutions of the country are exposed from the principles and position of a large portion of the population; and it is a curious picture of adventures, pursued with great pertinacity and personal danger, and with a single eye to fundamental changes in the kingdom. Some of these adventures, moreover, are as remarkable for the intense interest they excite, as for the intrepidity with which the actors devoted themselves to their voluntary task. Secret societies were formed, and the members were united by an oath of secrecy. And the arrangements were well combined to procure the accession of partisans, and to conceal the existence of the associations. Of this no better proof is necessary, than the statement of the fact, that the insurrection broke out in the city of Paris without the least preparatory signal, and the first notice which the authorities received was a sudden attack upon an armed post. Like almost all the inhabitants, I knew nothing of it till I heard the beating of the *rappel* in the streets, which is the call for the instant assemblage of the armed force.

I have been surprised, that the judicial proceedings to which I allude, and whose developments are so extraordinary, have not excited more attention out of France. I have met with but one notice of it, and that a meagre one, in any English publication; and as to the Continental press, I believe it has overlooked it entirely. And yet, as well from its authenticity, as from its developments, it justly merits the attention of every observer of the signs of the times.

The judicial proceedings to which I have adverted

disclose the existence of certain secret societies, and also their machinery, principles, and objects. Their organization appears to have been well adapted to the ulterior designs of the party. Candidates were admitted with prescribed ceremonies, tending to produce a powerful impression upon their imaginations. They were blindfolded, accompanied by a guide, who made the necessary answers, and took an oath of secrecy and obedience. A poniard was placed in their hands, as a symbol of the power of the society over its members, and they invoked its employment in the event of their infidelity. The members were not known by their actual names, but each received a *nom de guerre*. They were required to propagate their principles ; to make no confessions if interrogated by the authorities ; to execute, without reply, the orders of their chiefs ; to furnish themselves with arms and ammunition ; and carefully to avoid writing upon the subject of the association. At the initiation a series of questions and answers passed between the President and the Candidate, which discloses the objects of the association, and the means it proposed to employ. This political catechism is a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and of the most frightful cruelty : and reveals a state of feeling, and an aberration of principle—and, I might almost add, of reason—wholly unknown in our calmer and happier country. Before I touch these articles of faith, I am tempted to advert to another document, which, while it will provoke a smile upon the countenance of every American, will perhaps bring home to his conception the true character of these efforts better even than a mere formal enunciation of them. The chiefs of the

party published a journal devoted to their doctrines, which escaped for a while the researches of the police, and which was extensively, but secretly, distributed. In the fourth number, dated February, 1838, is an article entitled "Exterior Review," in which a sketch is given of the condition of some of the free countries in the world, with the apparent design of impressing upon the French *republicans* a just idea of a high destiny to which they were called, in the formation of a *model republic*, by exhibiting the unfounded pretensions of the freest existing governments to any regard from the disciples of this new school of practical freedom.

Speaking of England, the *dispassionate* reviewer calls it "that ignoble nursery of shop-keepers, of landholders, of jailors and of executioners.....who not satisfied with its own prolétaires, (literally persons without property, but meaning the *sans-culottes* of the Revolution) groan under the triple yoke of the aristocrats, the priests, and the stock-jobbers, and who wish to crush our brethren in Canada Like all monarchies—like Charlemagne, the killer of the Saxons—like Charles the Ninth, the author of the murders at St. Bartholomew—like Louis the Fourteenth, the bigoted assassin of the Cevennes—like Bonaparte, the manslayer *par excellence*—like Charles the Tenth, the mitrailleur, (*the grape shot firer*)—like Louis Philippe, in fine, the man of November, of June, and of the Rue Transnonain—like all these infamous wretches, the valets of the royal puppet put all to fire and sword in America."

If this *chaste and able* writer has seized the prominent traits of the Anglo-Saxon parent, he shows him-

self equally happy in his appreciation of the condition of her transatlantic descendant. Passing to the examination of the United States, he calls the government "a *ridiculous* republic, and a money-loving aristocracy." This last stroke is indeed the unkindest cut of all. When an American is accused by a Frenchman of an inordinate love of money, and when a French republican, the great burden of whose complaint is the unequal distribution of riches in his country, and the profligacy of his rulers, arraigns the American government for its economy, there is nothing farther to be expected in the whole range of human inconsistencies. This kind notice is terminated by a declaration, "that there are hopes of an immediate realization in the United States of the dreams of Collot d' Herbois and of Billaud-Varennes, those heroic remains of 1793." Dreams indeed ! and by what a fearful awakening would they be followed. No, God be thanked, licentious release from law, religion, and the institutions of social life, and the triumph of prisons, guillotines, noyades and massacres, are probably the most distant evils the inhabitants of the United States have to fear.

But it is necessary to return to the Candidate, who is awaiting the development of the mysteries which surround him. One or two of the questions and answers will serve to give a general notion of the new light which is to break in upon him, when the moral blindness that obstructs his mental vision shall be removed, as the natural light will strike his organs of sight when the bandage which covers them shall fall :

Question—"Is a political or a social revolution necessary ?"

Answer—"A social revolution. The social state being gangrened, to arrive at a state of health requires *heroic remedies*; the people will have need during some time of a *revolutionary power*."

What is here meant by "*heroic remedies*" and "*a revolutionary power*," may be learned in the history of France during the despotism of Robespierre. A "social revolution" means the destruction of all the rights of property.

Question—"Who are now the Aristocrats?"

Answer—"They are the men of property, bankers, furnishers, monopolists, large proprietors, brokers, in a word (*exploiteurs*) land-holders, who fatten at the expense of the people."

Question—"Those who have rights, without fulfilling duties, like the Aristocrats of the present day, do they make part of the people?"

Answer—"They ought not to make part of the people; they are to the social body what the cancer is to the natural body. The first condition of the return of the body to health is the extirpation of the cancer. The first condition of the return of the social body to a just state is the annihilation of the aristocracy"—or in more direct, though not in plainer, terms, *the death of all who possess property*.

One of the papers seized by the police was a letter from a principal conspirator to another active member of the society, in which, after proceeding to reprobate the press for its cowardice in not defending the attempt of Fieschi to destroy the King and his cortège with his infernal machine, and then asserting its "absolute justification," the writer breaks out into the following apostrophe: "But Morey! Morey was sublime from

one end of the drama to the other—this old prolétaire (*sans-culotte*,) conceiving the idea of regicide, forming the plan of the machine which was to execute his design, loading the barrels and aiming them.” Recollect that this glorious plan was merely the preparation to discharge a murderous machine, loaded with a prodigious number of balls, upon a dense crowd of citizens of all classes, passing along the Boulevard, and by which more than twenty persons were killed and wounded. “Oh my friend,” continues this rhodomontade, “the revolutionary tradition is dead in the hearts of the people. They have not felt the holiness of the death of Morey. The people have seen that white head fall without regret. They have rejoiced at it. It was thus the Jews railed at Jesus Christ upon the cross. When will come the day of recompense !”

In one of the publications called the “Formularies of the Democratic Phalanxes,” it is announced, that the candidate ought to take an oath to destroy, and to contribute to the triumph of the equality of the social conditions, *founded upon the equal division of all the products of the earth and of industry.*

Another piece, entitled “An Ode to the King,” commences by a classical quotation, from the stern historian who has described with such force of style, and strength of indignation, the imperial vices of Rome—

“*Recte occisus est !*”

Tacitus.

Then follow some horrible sentiments, the purport of which may be judged by these quotations : “Yes, whoever is chosen for holy homicide if his life has been tarnished with thefts and assassinations,

will become free from spot and clear from all infamy, as soon as he shall have washed himself in the blood of kings." . . . "Oh Virtue, the poniard, sole hope of the earth, is thy sacred arm, when the thunder suffers crime to reign!"

In the fifth number of the Republican Monitor was an article in which the most holy names—and among others those of Moses and our Savior—were placed in juxtaposition with the names of Robespierre, St. Just, and Billaud-Varennes; and the editor, after drawing a comparison between their respective claims, assigns the first place to Billaud-Varennes, and points him out as a model of every virtue, public and private.

In the sixth number of the same journal it is said: "There is, then, but a single resource to employ, regicide, tyrannicide, assassination, as they would term this heroic action." And in order that what he calls "*this prejudice*" may not arrest the hand of the assassin, the editor continues: "It is, without doubt, beautiful to be an atheist, but that is not enough," &c. . . . "The tyrant, who spares no crime against the people, ought, in the absence of a Providence which exists but for fools, to meet a man who can treat him according to his works."

To the Republican Monitor succeeded the Freeman, which, in its number of the 10th of September, 1838, contained an article upon inheritance, in which it contested the right of the hereditary succession of property, which it considers an injustice and spoliation; and it qualifies with the same character the right of property itself.

In the next number of the same journal, it is announced, that "we shall fulfill a duty by destroying the

social edifice from bottom to top," &c. . . . "The land ought to belong to everybody; those who possess nothing have been robbed by those who possess something."

The second article of the same number is entitled "Journalism," and it reproves the press in general for its indolence and fear. It reproaches it with neglecting the development of republican principles, and with occupying itself with religious discussion. "It ought to accost questions of principles. . . . We want now more than changes of men. . . . It ought to say, all that is connected with religious worship is contrary to our progress; while at the same time whenever people are religious, they talk nonsense." But one of the most impious and disgusting of all these appeals to vice and ignorance was an address published at Carcarsonne in 1837, and signed by Barbès, the hero of the *émeute* of the 12th and 13th of May, and five other persons. In this production our Savior is called "*the democratic Son of Mary*."

That such seed sown in such soil should bear its natural fruit, insurrections, murders, and other crimes, is only in the usual course of human affairs. But while I am writing, a striking fact has taken place, proving how deeply these deplorable doctrines have become ingrained in the country, and how feeble are human institutions to repress disorder, when culpable fanaticism has reached a pitch of exaltation which renders the enthusiast as reckless of his own life as of that of another. A young man, not eighteen years of age, met a police officer upon the Boulevards, and deliberately shot him down. The victim was utterly unknown to the murderer, but the latter had been accused of some

participation in the *émeute* of May, and committed this atrocious act to gratify an indiscriminate thirst for vengeance. An Opposition journal, the *Courrier Français*, makes the following reflections upon the subject, which are not devoid of interest :

“ A sergeant-de-ville has been shot in open day, in a frequented street, and without any provocation. It is not a malefactor by profession who has committed this crime. A motive of vengeance, that we regret to call political, has, it is said, influenced the assassin.

“ The fact is a grave one, graver than we can describe. It seems to prove, that political passions are degraded in France, and that the manners of the southern countries have penetrated among a people whose distinctive character has heretofore been loyalty. The days of the fifth and sixth of June were a pitched battle, fought between a party and the public force. The *émeute* of 1839 presented a character more atrocious, for the insurgents fired upon the soldiers nearly disarmed ; but they were yet far from those tactics of assassination attempted upon the isolated agents of authority. But if things are at this point, if the crime is to be reproduced, we shall have fallen into barbarism.

“ The most extreme parties are not less interested than the most moderate opinions in refusing all kind of sympathy for such acts. A party which should encourage them, even by its silence, would present itself to posterity with a spot upon its flag. But we adjure all good citizens to think upon it. What prevents malefactors, numerous and organized as they are, from putting society in danger, is the conviction that they are hated and despised by all the world, and that they can nowhere find support. Let them reduce to the same

isolation the small number of men whom political passions may have made insensible to despair, let them be deprived even of the approbation of their co-believers, and they will not fail to return to better sentiments."

This is all very true, but the evil is far deeper than the writer seems willing to avow; and his remedy is but the palliative of the empiric, who knows neither the constitution of the patient, nor the pathology of the disease. He must go far deeper into the organization of society in France who hopes to restore this part of the public body to a sound state.

As to the consequence of such doctrines and their practical inculcation, these are sufficiently obvious to strike the attention of the most careless observer, and sufficiently alarming to awaken all his solicitude. Where moral and religious principles have lost their force, and human punishment its terror, what hold has society upon its members? And when, to the freedom from these necessary restraints is added the impulse which is given to crime by the excited passions that so many causes call into action, it is rather to be wondered that no more serious misfortunes have marked the progress of movement and opinion in France. The *Assassin* of the age of the Crusaders, and the Indian who *runs a muck* in more modern times, were fanatics of different schools, but not more dangerous in the execution of the plans marked out for them, than the young man who sacrificed the serjeant-de-ville to his vengeance.

I must give you a little interlude as a vehicle for conveying a French notion of a revolution. M. Guizot has translated the work of Mr Sparks containing the

biography and writings of Washington; and has prefixed to this translation a memoir, written with great force and beauty, upon the character of our illustrious countryman, and upon the spirit of the times in which he lived. Many of the prominent features of the man and of his age have been considered and happily exhibited. The great error—and it is a common error in Europe—has been to assign to Washington too important a part, and to the body of the people too insignificant a one, in our great political drama. Our social constitution is an enigma to the old world, and it is obvious, in all their speculations upon our true condition and upon the probable duration of our institutions, that that element of our safety which depends upon general knowledge, and upon the moral force of a well-regulated public opinion, a public opinion in which all partake, is either wholly unknown or very imperfectly comprehended. Washington is the great figure upon our political canvas; and he who knows no revolutions which are not regulated and controlled by some master mind, and among a people, who require a visible representative with whom to embody their opinions—and, as the critic says, whom we shall quote by and by, a *bloody shirt* as a material emblem of their wrongs—may well suppose, that the leaders alone possessed the moral force which carried our country through her struggle. But the issue depended on no one man; and though the peculiar characteristics of Washington were admirably suited to his station and duties, still the great work would have gone on to its consummation if he had never existed. Nor was there a single moment, from the firing of the first gun at Lexington, till the disappearance in the horizon of the British fleet, after

the evacuation of New York, when the commander of the American armies could have seized the sovereign power. Such an occurrence was impossible, as we all know. And had the defection of Arnold been followed by a thousand examples, this mass of treason would have left the great struggle unscathed. Certainly any untoward attempts like these would have shaken public confidence in the prominent men of the day, and would have added to the difficulties of the arduous contest : and another commander, by a series of measures less adapted to the position of the country and to the habits of the troops, might have encountered more reverses, and rendered more sacrifices necessary. The elevation of Gates or Conway to this position would certainly have gone as far to hazard the success of the cause, as it could be hazarded by comparative presumption and imbecility.

I am sure you will not understand me as seeking to detract, in the slightest degree, from the just claims and fame of our venerated hero. No, he stands in my estimate of human character above all mere men who have ever existed. His principles and conduct are the brightest spot of history. But justice to his memory does not demand any extravagant panegyric, which, while affecting to exalt his merit, degrades the character of his countrymen. If he were yet on earth, he would be the first to disavow such pretensions. There was glory enough in the revolutionary struggle to allow a just partition among all who participated in it. I am sure M. Guizot is above any such narrow feeling ; but there is evidently, in these European efforts to appreciate, and to over-appreciate, the importance of Washington to the successful result of the Revolution, an

arrière pensée, as the French say, deserving any thing but commendation from an American. As the influence of a chosen one, or of a chosen few, ascends in the estimate of general exertion, the value of the services of the great mass of society diminishes. Our Revolution was an epoch, dividing two great periods in the history of man. It shuts out the time of blind submission to arbitrary power, and opens that of examination, of discussion, and of *resistance*. It is a great landmark, an object of terror to some and of hope to others, as their habits of thinking render them more or less susceptible to the advantages of political progress. M. Guizot is a Conservative, but he sees in our Revolution a natural and just change of political institutions. It is obvious, however, that he deprecates any farther convulsions in France. Those less liberal than he is in their appreciation of our condition, and equally indisposed to domestic changes in their respective countries, but who cannot call in question the striking moral features of our Revolution, feel their self-love less wounded, and their principles less compromised, by exalting an individual, than by praising a community. The American Revolution was a great event—though, as they think, *not a happy one*—but it was principally due to one man; and that man, by some accidental dispensation of Providence, was placed as far above his countrymen by his eminent qualities, as by his services and position. Any sacrifice is better, in the eyes of this school of opinion, than a recognition of the intelligence and moral force of the American people.

But to return to M. Guizot's work. It has just issued from the press, and has already led to several favorable criticisms in the journals; and yesterday, in

one of the papers having the most extensive circulation, appeared a critical notice, written and signed by M. Leon Foucher, who, I suppose, is one of a class of authors abounding in Paris, who devote themselves to a kind of fugitive literature for the journals, reviews, and other periodical works. Many of them are highly esteemed for their general ability. They write criticisms, literary notices, and what are called *feuilletons*, that is, tales and essays which occupy the lower part of the journals, across which a separating line is drawn—above this line being found the usual contents of a daily paper, and below these literary productions. They are generally signed by the author; and if you take up a Paris newspaper this line of demarcation will at once strike your eye, and you will find it is a boundary which separates two different provinces of human knowledge. I understand that many writers are supported by their labors in this more humble field of literature, though I do not know the amount they receive. Some of the most celebrated literary names of France, however, are to be found in these repositories.

Our system of newspaper subscription is very little known in this country. With us, subscribers and advertisements support the journals, and he must be poor indeed who is not upon the subscription list of some newspaper printer. But here there are almost no advertisements, the price preventing their insertion; for the charge, including the tax, is from thirty to forty cents a line of between thirty-five and fifty letters. And the general subscription price of a newspaper is sixteen dollars, and this newspaper not resembling one of our formidable sheets, but presenting a latitude and longitude indicative of a great change of climate in this

department of public information. It is in the *cafés* and reading rooms, and similar places of public resort, that all the journals of the day are to be found. These places are frequented by regular subscribers, as well as by other persons. They pay two *sous*—a little less than two cents—each; and for this sum the readers can remain in the reading rooms as long as they please, and peruse at their leisure all the papers of the day. There are places where, in addition to this mental enjoyment, more substantial comfort is sold, in the guise of a cheap meagre red wine; and here the loungee seats himself, with his favorite journal and his glass of *vin ordinaire*, and seems to laugh at the world, while he assuages his carnal and mental appetite at the same time. The French are both a frugal and a temperate people, and their peculiar system of personal comfort is well adapted to these principles of their social life.

M. Leon Foucher indulges in some speculations upon our Revolution, and criticizes some of the criticisms of M. Guizot. After recognizing with the illustrious author, that the grievances which led to our separation from England were rather abstract than practical, rather apprehensions for the future than wrongs of the present, and consequently not of a nature to produce a powerful impression upon the mass of society, he adds: "It is by spreading out the miseries of the workmen, the *bloody shirt of some victim*, the humiliation of all, that the people are excited to take arms." He remarks—"that it is only the high intellects which regard the question of right; and that the Revolution of the United States would never have become popular, if the English authorities, in the course of contest, had not committed acts of cruelty which

exasperated all men's minds." He then proceeds to state, apparently as a corollary of what may be called his bloody-shirt principle, that our Revolution was not popular with what he terms *the inferior classes*; and then continues: "There lies the true cause of the embarrassment which has struck M. Guizot, and that Washington could alone overcome, by his prudence, as well as by his firmness. Transport to the France of 1789 the principle of the American Revolution, and one campaign of the coalesced powers would be enough to crush her. Admit that the principle of the French revolutions would have operated upon North America in 1775, and to drive the English into the sea would have been for Washington an affair of three months only."

And all this the writer no doubt considers the true philosophy of history. In his self-complacency, as an author and a Frenchman, it never occurs to him, that what he calls the different principles of these two great revolutions,—or, in other words, the state of excitement and of terrible crimes, which marked the progress of the one event, and of firm resolution and continued exertion, destitute of all political fanaticism, which distinguished the other,—drew their origin from the characters of the respective people pushed to these struggles, and not from any peculiar political opinions of either of them, regarding the foundation of their rights, or the duty of resistance. The Frenchman might have considered the prospect of future oppression not worth immediate exertion, while upon his ardent temperament a single wound may have required the propitiation of the fall of the Bastille. But most assuredly the Americans did not want a visible signal to push them on; and he who should have displayed a *bloody shirt*

for that purpose, would have been followed by the contempt of the spectators, and saluted with stones by every idle boy in the streets. It must be remembered in all attempts to analyse the views of the French writers upon our country and government, that there is one peculiar fact to be kept in view, of the utmost importance in its bearing here, but which has not the slightest point of resemblance to anything in the institutions of the United States. In all questions of national opinion and of political movement, Paris is France. From the first explosion in 1789 to the last *é* in May, 1839, not a single popular effort has overturned, or seriously threatened to overturn, the existing government, which has not originated in the capital. And a very slight knowledge of the elements of the society which compose its mass of a million of inhabitants is sufficient to explain how this multitude may be excited, and how a *bloody shirt* may perform an important part in the revolution of a kingdom. But, God be praised, we have no Paris, with its powerful influence and its inflammable materials. He who occupies the loneliest cabin upon the very verge of civilization has just as important a part to play in the fate of our country, as the denizen of the proudest city in the land. There is no tocsin from a tower, nor any *rappel* from a guard-house, which can announce to the defenders of our institutions, that they are in danger. A drum or a bell whose roll or whose peal could reach the hundredth part of those upon whose affections our political edifice rests, will never be made by mortal hands. Such a sound will be heard but once by the human race.

It is not to be doubted, that the British travelers

who have visited the United States, and who have favored the world with the results of their observations, have produced an injurious effect upon the European estimate of our standard of morals and measures. There are a few honorable exceptions in this class of writers ; but most of them are mere gossips in pantaloons or petticoats, who have crossed the Atlantic to read us homilies upon our barbarous usages, and who have returned to convince their willing countrymen that political institutions and social life in the new world offer nothing consolatory to the observer. From the first to the last, and in some respects the least, of these travelers, Captain Marryatt, they have been distinguished by two traits of character, differing perhaps in intensity, but whose effects equally pervade the records of their observations, a hostility to our institutions, and a gift of credulity utterly incompatible with a calm appreciation and a judicious examination of the peculiar moral features which our country presents. The worthy naval officer has the power of swallowing, and the faculty of digesting, such extraordinary productions, that if a classification were founded upon this capacity of conversion, he would certainly find his place in the neighborhood of the ostrich.

I have been pleased to observe, in the few notices which his work has called out in England, that its character has been estimated at its just value, and that the disposition of the traveler to be gulled has been recognized, as well as a corresponding disposition to gratify him wherever he went ; so that he has gravely seized all that was offered and manufactured much of a new book out of old jests. I felt assured of this, when I saw a quotation -for I have not inflicted

upon myself the punishment of reading the work—wherein he asserted that if you ask an American office-holder the value of his office, he will tell you it is so much “besides *stealings* ;” and that it is a common expression in the States to say, that “a place is worth so much, besides *cheatage*.” And then, I suppose, follows a chapter upon American morality. Indeed, appropriate jests to serve as texts for such dissertations are easily found by him who seeks them ; and it is curious enough, that while I am writing, the press has sent out a work, to furnish as it were a proof of the truth of this remark. Sir Robert Steele has published a kind of history of his life and times, under the title of “The Marine Officer.” He gives a picture of the “*stealings*” in the British Navy, using a different term indeed, that of “*abuses* ;” but as “a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” I suppose the true character of the act is not much changed by the denomination. As I know nothing of Sir Robert Steele, I cannot judge whether he has fallen upon some shrewd countryman, disposed to test his *bump of belief* ; but if he has, I can vouch for it, that his kind retailer of anecdotes has not more shrewdness nor dry humor than my friend A * * * *, of the Sault St. Mary’s, who let Captain Marryatt into the secret of this sin of the American office-holders. But to the “*stealings*,” or “*cheatage*” of English office-holders. “The abuse,” says Sir Robert Steele, “in the rating, and even the practice of fictitious rating, on board ships, is totally changed since the time when the sailor and the marine were crossing the Admiral’s paddock at Plymouth, in which two long-tailed coach-horses were grazing, and Jack took a shy at one of them with a stone. ‘My

eyes, Jack,' exclaimed the jolly marine, 'don't pelt that poor fellow—he's rated quarter-master on our ship's books!'" I commend this anecdote to Captain Marryatt; it may be made to suit the latitude of the United States in the next edition of his book, with about as much change in its version as many stories he has told; and which are not less familiar to the American lover of fun, than the choicest jokes of Joe Miller.

I am well aware that this class of writers is below serious criticism, and that the periodical press of England has taken us to task for the too great sensitiveness we have shown to their attacks. There is some justice in the observation. Flies, as they say, should not be broken on the wheel; but I do not see why the musketoe may not be brushed away when he pesters you with his bite—or with his hum, which is worse than his bite. Our worthy Anglican progenitor, like many a professor who speaks *ex cathedra*, can preach better than practice. This too great susceptibility, or *thin-skinnedness*, as it has been called, is not confined to us. Let an European traveler arrive in England, and, after running over the country, describe the peculiar traits of its society, as they appear to him, and what a storm is conjured up, from Johnny Groat's House to the Land's End, to overwhelm the luckless wight! Who has forgotten Puckler Muskau and the Baron d' Haussez, and the indignant excitement of the English press when their works appeared? And yet we have stronger reasons to redeem our national character from these petty but provoking misrepresentations than England; for we are young, less known, and owing to the extent of our country, and to the progress

and diversity of our settlements, and to other well-known causes—with a general distinctive character less clearly developed. Individual eccentricities and local peculiarities abound in our country, precisely because the great freedom of our institutions, as well social as political, leaves the human mind more free from restraint than among other people, and prone to run wild, if I may so say, in its own luxuriance. He who seeks to deduce national features from individual traits may find ample room for the exercise of his spirit of generalization in the United States. But it requires more intellectual power than has fallen to the class of English travelers who have made our country the theatre of their excursions, and the subject of their books, to appreciate those profound changes which the new world, with its two centuries of discovery, of conquest, and of settlement, and with all the moral accompaniments which have attended and followed these great efforts, has produced upon the descendants of the English Puritans who sought civil and religious liberty upon its shores. And these traveling bookmakers come among us bringing with them a scale of civilization founded upon some conventional observances at home, perhaps as peculiar as they are narrow; and by this the claims of another people to their true rank in general estimation are to be judged. This measure of our moral stature may be termed the chop-stick or silver-fork standard, as it is employed by a Chinese or an English observer—the former really considering as a barbarian every one who does not eat with his national instrument; and the latter affecting an equal contempt for all who have the misfortune to substitute a steel fork for a silver one, including ninety-nine out of a hun-

dred of his own countrymen, and probably, if the truth were told, himself also. That the fashion of this world passeth away is early impressed upon every reflecting mind. But I do not know a better proof of the truth of this remark, connected with the present subject, than is furnished by the revolution in the history of toothpicks. Lord Chesterfield was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his day, and his book was long the code of fashionable ethics. During the sway of this legislator, the picking of the teeth at table was the unpardonable sin in the *haut ton*, the one great offence which excited the liveliest indignation of the modern Minos, and against which he launched his heaviest denunciations. But how are the mighty fallen—or rather how are the fallen raised up! The little reviled and denounced instrument now makes its appearance at all tables, being as regularly placed beside the plate of each guest, as the knife, fork, and spoon,—aye! and as regularly used too!

The Americans use steel forks, and knives also, and therefore have no claim to be civilized. What miserable affectation all this is. Who has not seen the knife used sometimes in the best company in Europe? For myself, when put upon my *gentility*, I can manage to tear my meat with a fork and to convey it to my mouth, calling in the aid of a little piece of bread scarcely sufficient to preserve my fingers from the plate. But I have found the old process a very comfortable one, and I have ate many a meal in the woods without a fork, and never a more pleasant one than when cutting a piece of venison rib from the stake, upon which I had watched it and roasted it before the fire.

When I first arrived in Europe, I was so forcibly

struck with the many *outlandish* things I saw and heard, that I commenced a kind of common-place book, in which I entered the most prominent of these aberrations from the true standard of civilization, as the code is taught by the English travelers who visit the United States. I entitled my collection of curiosities, "Trollopiana, or things I have seen in Europe, to be appended to the next edition of Trollope, Hall, Hamilton, *et id genus omne*." The task, however, was not to my taste, and I soon abandoned it. But I will give you a specimen of the nature of these collections and recollections, to show how easily national recriminations may be found for national criminations; and how fallacious and unjust must be any general deduction of the character of a great people from facts which form the exceptions, and not the rules, of their life and conversation. A Hannibalian warfare may be a good system of tactics in contests for national power, but in the adjustment of these moral differences, the cause of truth is not promoted by pursuing a course of operations with respect to another, which you accuse of injustice when applied to yourself. My object is to prove the palpable *iniquity* of our traducers by showing the bearing of the principles they have adopted when applied to their own country—a country whose moral standard is high in the estimation of the world, and to which we can look with pride as the birth-place of our ancestors; and a country, too, with which we have many associations to bind us in lasting friendship.

Now to my *argumenta ad homines*. I will tell what I have seen, read and heard.

I saw the Doorkeeper of the House of Lords, on the 21st of June, 1838, in a state of intoxication upon his

post, and exhibiting a disgusting spectacle to every observer.

I have seen the Members of the House of Commons guilty of that *most abominable of all vices*, and heretofore described as a peculiarly American one, sitting with their feet raised and resting on the benches before them.

I saw the passengers on board an English steamboat from London to Antwerp, called the "City of Hamburg," on the 1st of July, 1838, being almost all English, seat themselves at table without being called, and take possession of almost all the places, there awaiting the dinner; and I saw three or four Americans help some of the Ladies to seats, while many others were compelled to wait for a second table.

I have seen the published report of a trial in which—

The Premier Baron of England, Lord de Roos, was convicted of cheating at cards; and one of the witnesses, a gentleman of high family, avowed, that he examined the cards and found them marked, and afterwards played with De Roos and visited him; and that he (the witness) made card-playing his principal occupation.

And another witness, a Commander in the Navy, acknowledged he had gained £10,000 by play; and another, an officer in the Army, that he had played with De Roos after the cheating.

And another, a Baronet, who, though he had seen De Roos cheat four years before, was unwilling to mention it, because De Roos was popular and a favorite with the club—"and then he was a Peer, too!"

And another, Lord Bentinck, who confessed he played with De Roos after he knew he cheated.

And another, George Payne, who played with, and betted *on* him.

I have seen that an impostor, calling himself Sir William Courtenay, pretended to divine inspiration, and that he selected for the theatre of his performances the Archiepiscopal See of the Primate of all England. And this man, claiming to be the Savior of the world, collected round him many disciples, and finally, resisting the civil authority, perished, with many of his followers and opponents, in the effort to establish his power. And crowds of people flocked to see him after his death, and large sums of money were given for locks of his hair, and for his clothes, and for rags dipped in his blood.

I have seen an English Marquis, Waterford, engaged in a disgraceful contest with Norwegian police officers, and rendering himself contemptible for what we should call blackguard breaches of the peace wherever he went.

I have seen an Earl, Roscommon, fined for being drunk, and unable to take care of himself in the street.

I have seen a Marquis, Huntley, declared a bankrupt.

I have seen a member of the House of Commons accuse the Committee of Elections of perjury. And I have seen a distinguished Review, the Edinburgh, fortify the accusation, by asking, what would be thought if Committees of Congress were stained with a hundredth part of the suspicions under which the Election Committees of the House of Commons labor.

I have seen the following speech of Mr. Bradshaw, a Member of Parliament, at a public dinner : " I hope Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington will

purge the Court of the filth which offends the nostrils of all but those whose sense is so vitiated that they do not know vice from virtue, or purity from impurity. Innocence is confounded with guilt. Virgin innocence is banished from the palace, while vice riots rampant at the royal board."

I have read a paragraph in a speech of a Member of the House of Commons, which charged the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel with being anxious to place their friends about the queen for the purpose of compassing her death.

I have read—and who has not?—the history of the affair of Lady Flora Hastings. If such an event, with its accompanying incidents, had happened in the mansion of the President of the United States, it would have furnished a mass amply sufficient to glut even twenty Trollopes.

I have seen the attacks growing out of this affair, contained in the English journals, charging and retorting, against the greatest names of England, not the usual ebullitions of party and political rancor, but imputations upon moral character, and allegations of the violation of the decencies of life,—and these distinctly specified, in the face of the country and the world, in terms which I shall not presume to repeat to your readers. Among these names were those of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, the Marquis of Headfort, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Palmerston, and others which have escaped my recollection, and which I have no disposition to seek and record.

The Journal des Debats, in quite a recent number, that of January 18th, 1840, which has appeared since the above was written, has come out with a full expo-

sition of this extraordinary warfare, for the benefit of the continental scandal-mongers, and has added to it some remarks not devoid of interest, which I shall here insert.

After a full account of the publications upon this subject, the *Journal des Debats* then proceeds :—"The discussion is continued for some time in the same tone. We have seen the moment when the Standard was about to demand a jury of matrons. Truly we begin to believe, that the iron window shutters of Apsley House* have not been placed there as a protection against the insults of the populace, but rather as a sort of discreet leaf, destined to mask the statue,† not over bashful, which the fair daughters of Albion have elevated to their Achilles opposite to his house, and which they have inhumanly exposed to all the rigors of the weather of Hyde Park. Alas ! the warrior who is honored by all England, after so many campaigns in all parts of the world, after so many palms gathered under all suns, after so many crowns received upon his white head, could he have expected, at the end of a career so well tried and well filled, to see added to all these palms and to all these laurels a last crown of orange flowers ?

"No one will attribute to us the wish of making ourselves the echo of any scandalous chronicle.[?] If we have recorded here some sketches of a discussion which has appeared to us curious in several points of view, it is in order to show how far, in a country where we love to take lessons of political conduct, minds bad-

* The residence of the Duke of Wellington, which is provided with iron window-shutters.

† The bronze statue erected in Hyde Park in honor of the Duke of Wellington, is, as is well known, *in puris naturalibus*.

ly organized can carry the abuses of parliamentary fictions,* and to what forgetfulness of all dignity and of all propriety the spirit of party can lead men whose social position and education render their errors but the more inexcusable."

I have seen the following *beauties* of the English periodical press:—

The Times—"O'Connell, an ungrateful hypocrite, has been making a rabid howl A miscreant, the worthless, bastard progeny of the Dublin newspapers."

The Herald—"The impertinent coxcombry of Lord Melbourne's letters."

The Standard—"The most shabby of all shabby administrations We find the Whigs uniformly tricky and shabby."

The Times, speaking of the administration, says:—"We do not believe the Demon they still have served can save them."

The Courier—"Is there any thing to which Lord Melbourne will not sink for money?"

The Standard—"We may observe that in less than a week after this declaration was made, Lord Melbourne, either had run away from his post, or told a ——— falsehood. The latter he will think the lighter transgression." "To the callousness to the charges we may now add telling a ———."

The Globe, speaking of barefaced calumnies in the *Standard*, says:—"The scoundrels who put forth such insinuations," &c.

The Standard, speaking of the resignation of the

* Allusion is here made to a branch of the discussion which has been omitted.

Marquis of Conyngham, says :—" After what has occurred in the royal household, it can be much more easily understood, why a gentleman should withdraw from it, than why he should remain in it."

The Post, speaking of Lord Melbourne says :—" The man who could write this letter deserves to be spit upon by every mother's son in the three kingdoms."

The Standard, speaking of a dispatch of the French Consul at Alexandria, says :—" One needs not know much of the forms of diplomacy to be convinced that this is a lie."

The Times, says that—" the British diplomatic agents at Constantinople were guilty of sneaking intrigue, gross ineptitude, unmatched stupidity."

The Morning Chronicle—" To environ royalty with falsehood, and to infuse into it her very soul, is the aim of Toryism."

The Chronicle—" The Quarterly comes out with an elaborate article to prove the queen is a liar."

The Chronicle—" That the Times has a conscience, who will deny, that knows how often it has sold it?" " Whether it plays the canting hypocrite, or the coarse blackguard," &c.

The Waterford Chronicle—" This is only one of the enormous lies of our sanctimonious contemporary." " There are not such liars in the world as some of these High Church Tory organs."

Chronicle—" The bitter and shameless falsehood of the Tory journals."

Times—" The lying Premier and his Home Secretary."

Times—" The Cabinet the sordid and selfish

slaves of the great patron and protector of the worthless Whigs."

Times—"The Whigs are irrevocably spavined, glandered, broken-winded, and doomed to slaughter."

It is obvious in perusing the extracts I have given from the French *acte* of accusation above referred to, and which exhibits the creed of the persons engaged in efforts to overturn the government, that the object is not at all confined to a change of political institutions, to the substitution of a republic for a monarchy, but that it extends to the fundamental basis of society, seeking the destruction of private rights, and of all the barriers which defend property and order. Undoubtedly in these crowded regions of the old world there is much misery, and the comforts of life are very unequally distributed. He who depends for existence upon public charity, or he who, by constant labor and continual privations, barely supports life without becoming a mendicant, may be easily taught to look upon the principles to which he attributes all these evils, as equally unjust in their foundation, and oppressive in their operation. Where there is much physical suffering, there are the elements of discontent, and material of revolutions. The history of the flight of David, and of the rebellion of his son Absalom, teaches us how easily, by artful representations, the unfortunate young man "stole the hearts of the men of Israel;" and this lesson has been repeated in succeeding ages till it is "familiar in our mouths as household words." And the address of Catiline to his fellow conspirators, as recorded by Sallust, sufficiently evinces the knowledge which that Roman *prolétaire* had of the springs of action that may be easily put in motion when misery op-

presses any considerable portion of the population—
“*At nobis est domi inopia, foris alienum ; mala res, spes multo asperior ; denique quid reliqui habemus, præter miseram animam ?*” There is no problem in human society fraught with more important consequences than that which seeks to combine the happiness of the greatest number with the necessary principles of public order and private rights. Visionary men, feeling right, but thinking wrong, may declare war against the existing institutions of society, and talk about the evils and selfishness of riches, and the justice of an equal partition of all the products of industry ; and Utopian politicians may dream of some far-off regions where there is neither wealth nor poverty, where each labors for one and for all, and where self is lost in indiscriminate benevolence. But such regions must be sought on another globe than this. If the curse of labor, the first fruit of disobedience, descended upon mankind, it was accompanied by the stimulus of necessity and by the passion of acquisition. Without this *selfish hope*, and without the barriers which fence round whatever can minister to it, what would become of the nations of the world ? Who would labor from the morning of life till its close, with hand or head, and toil in any of the innumerable spheres of action, which in their *ensemble* constitute the aggregate of society, if the reward he hopes to find in the product of his industry may be wrested from him by the first lawless invader who chooses to appropriate to himself what he pleases ? And between the unlimited power of acquisition and enjoyment, and the indiscriminate abandonment of all to all, human ingenuity has yet found no practicable medium.

In our country, general comfort is compatible with all the security which is necessary for the reward of labor, and for its stimulus. Every man—and the vast importance of the truth will justify its repetition—every man, by industry and probity, may hope to gain the means of comfortable subsistence, and to accumulate something for the decline of life. We owe this fortunate state of things, partly to the perfect freedom and equality of our political institutions, partly to the happy condition of our society, and partly to the advantages resulting from the situation of our country, connected with its capacity for the almost indefinite extension and comfortable support of the population.

But in Europe, this last great element of public happiness is beyond the reach of the governments, and it is therefore the more necessary that they should use all the means within their power to improve the condition of the poorer classes of society, to extend the advantages of education to all, to diminish the public expenses, to put a stop to oppressions, and to introduce the most impartial equality before the law, and into the public employments. In this way, and in this alone, can the political effervescence which is everywhere visible in Europe be safely guided, when it cannot be wholly controlled. There is a forward movement in opinion, which can neither be misunderstood, nor put down. It has produced great changes, and will produce still greater. Its operation is a question of time only, but the extent and intensity of that operation depend essentially upon the wisdom and justice of the governments, and upon the forbearance of the people. Happy will it be for both, if the changes demanded by the present state of society, and called for by the think-

ing class of the community, are made in time to prevent revolutions, instead of being the consequences of them.

These general remarks are applicable in a much smaller degree to France and England, than to any other European countries. Both enjoy constitutional governments, and in both the great essential principles of public and private freedom are established beyond the reach of destruction. In both also, meliorations are demanded, and I have no doubt will be gradually introduced. But after all the changes that can be reasonably expected, if the American who has visited either does not return to his own free land a better patriot, and a more contented citizen, and with devout thanks to Providence that his lot has been cast in a happy place, he has shut his eyes to the light of truth, and his ears to the councils of experience. However, as I abjure political propagandism, and am willing that every people should not only enjoy such a form of government as they please, but should be permitted to believe their own far better than any other that is, or has been, or will be, or can be—I shall forbear any farther political disquisitions.

But as I have had the luck to be in a Parisian *émeute*, and as the facts which passed under my observation serve to show the character of the events which took place, a glance at them may not be unacceptable to your readers.

I did not wish that an *émeute* should occur at Paris, while I dwelt there, in order that I might see it ; but I was determined, if it did occur, that I would see it, if possible. Accordingly, during the movements in May, I sallied out, not to mingle in adventures, but to wit-

ness them ; and after threading many a dirty street and alley, I reached a crowded part of the city, south of the Boulevards, between the streets St. Martin and St. Denis, where all the communications are narrow and crooked. At the intersection of four of these streets, I found a party of men busily engaged, some in breaking the lanterns, and others in building a barricade to stop the troops, from materials furnished by a house which appeared to have been recently demolished. There was an immense crowd looking on, but the persons actually engaged in the work did not exceed forty, all of whom were dressed in that garment peculiar to the Paris workmen, called a *blouse*, and which resembles the hunting shirt I have often worn in the West, and which I suppose yet retains its place in some parts of that vast region—though perhaps, like the buffalo in whose company I have worn it, it has crossed the Mississippi, and may be now accompanying the hunter and the pioneer towards the Rocky Mountains.

Seeing these men thus busily engaged, I inquired of some respectable looking individuals, what their objects were ; but was told, with much decision and apparent frankness, that they were as ignorant of the matter as I was. It was obvious, from occasional signs and movements, that some associates of the party were placed in the various streets to give notice of the approach of any military body which might receive information of the illegal operations in progress. After some time the immense crowd seemed alarmed, and dispersed themselves in all the neighboring alleys, as fast as the impediments occasioned by their own numbers would permit. I

then saw a detachment of regular soldiers approaching the barricade, and when they got near, the commanding officer formed his men across the principal street along which the fugitives were fleeing. I did not suppose it required much courage to remain, for I was sure a single unarmed man would not be fired upon; and I felt satisfied that my character as a stranger would protect me from violence. I could not indeed, "hang out the banner on the outer wall, as Mr. Poinsett did, with such decision of mind and firmness of purpose, when his residence was attacked and his person threatened in Mexico. I have always considered the conduct of our distinguished countryman upon that occasion as furnishing one of the happiest illustrations of the effect of decision and courage upon a mass of excited men, freed from legal restraint, which is to be found in the whole history of popular movements. It is almost the personification of Virgil's beautiful allusion to the appearance of the "*virum gravem meritis*," who presents himself to the enraged crowd, and stills the tumult of their passions. With one change, rendered necessary by the circumstances, which called for action, not for words, we may adopt the last line of this highly wrought simile, and say of our countryman, what the Roman poet said of his—" *Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet*." Human life affords no prouder moment, than that when the Minister threw out his country's flag, and when he and his little suite, while watching its stars and stripes as they unfolded themselves, beheld the effect which this appeal—this *visible* declaration, "*Sum civis Americanus*,"—produced in the capital of Montezuma, and upon an ignorant infuriated multitude. Our sister republic

was spared the commission of a crime which would have drawn upon her the execration of the civilized world.

I had no such part to play, and most assuredly, if I had had, I could not have played it so nobly. I was a spectator only, and as such watched the proceedings before me. The officer waved his hand to the people who, from the windows of the neighboring houses, were regarding the proceedings, intimating to them to withdraw from the approaching danger. He then directed his command to take aim, and the guns were brought to bear upon the flying crowd. At this moment I stepped up to the officer, and told him I had been a spectator of the whole occurrences in that quarter for some time, and that the people upon whom he was about to fire were persons who, like me, had not been engaged in the mischief, but had been led by curiosity to watch its progress. I added, that those who were really guilty had escaped by the lateral alleys, having been warned in time of his approach by their spies. The officer appeared to be a discreet man, and opposed to unnecessary severity. He directed his men to bring their arms to a shoulder, but many of them hesitated, and I saw him strike their pieces with his sword, before they were withdrawn from the position of firing. I had thus the evidence of my own eyes that the assertions respecting the infidelity of the military, and their indisposition to support the government in a moment of extreme peril, were false. They were anxious to act, and to act efficiently.

The King, Louis Philippe, is now about sixty-six years of age. His constitution, however, is vigorous, and there are no marks of declining years about him. His

frame is large, but there is much ease in his movements, and his whole carriage is marked by that happy address which good taste, and the polished society where he has moved, have enabled him to acquire. His countenance is striking and expressive, and displays the possession of great intellectual power. He belongs to that small class of men, the individuals composing which you cannot meet in a crowd, or pass in the street, without turning round to regard them, and involuntarily asking yourself, who they are. All the engravings representing him give a likeness more or less just, because his is one of those faces which the painter cannot well mistake. He speaks and writes English as fluently as any Englishman or American; and I understand he possesses as familiar a knowledge of most of the modern languages. He is very ready in conversation, and displays great tact and judgment in his observations. His education was most complete and careful, and superintended by the celebrated Madame de Genlis. It is said to have been eminently useful and practical, and he was thus fortunately the better prepared for those adverse circumstances with which his early life was chequered. In his domestic relations he is eminently happy; and as a husband, brother, and father, he is without reproach. In the execution of his public duties, he is said to be prompt and attentive; and in illustration of his conscientious application to his functions, I will mention an anecdote, upon the truth of which you can depend. Mr. Stevenson, our Minister in England, had heard a report, coming from a distinguished French statesman, that in all questions affecting the life of a man the King was exceedingly scrupulous, and made a point of examin-

ing the papers with remarkable fidelity. Some extraordinary occurrence called this gentleman to the palace at a late hour in the night—as late, indeed, I think, as two o'clock—when he found the King in his cabinet, examining with his usual caution, the case of a man condemned to execution. Mr. Stevenson, in the course of conversation with the King, alluded to this circumstance, and found the statement substantially correct. He ascertained afterwards, and from another quarter, that the King keeps a register, in which is recorded the name of every person condemned to capital punishment, together with the decision, and the reasons which led to the confirmation of the sentence, or to its remission. In the still hours of the night, the King performs the painful task of investigating these cases, with the just sentiments of a man upon whom weighs the responsibility of the question of the life or death of a fellow creature. And he records, himself, the circumstances which influence his decision. It is a noble example, and one which ought to be followed by all magistrates, monarchical or republican, called to fulfill this painful duty.

It is difficult for an American to form a correct notion of the labor which devolves upon a King of France. With us, the political tendency is to subdivide power, and to send it, as much as possible, to be executed in the various localities which its exercise concerns. But here a contrary tendency manifests itself; and a spirit of centralization pervades the system of government, which, while it adds strength to the general administration, greatly augments the royal duties. In our country such a course of procedure would be intolerable were it practicable, and impracticable were it

tolerable. How far the extent to which it is carried in France is expedient, I do not suffer myself to pronounce. Recollect that the kingdom contains twice as many inhabitants as the United States, and that here there is one legislature and one chief magistrate to execute the duties which are performed in our country by thirty legislatures and thirty chief magistrates, as well Federal, as State and Territorial ; and that, besides these duties, common to both nations, there is a great variety of others, which in France are reserved to the government, while with us they depend upon municipal or local authorities. And in addition to this marked difference of political organization, there is a great number of acts whose direction and control are within the sphere of public power in this country, which in ours are altogether free, and without the domain of legal or administrative regulation. It would surprise, and perhaps amaze, your readers, had I time to give even a *catalogue raisonnée* of these restraints upon what we consider national liberty ; but as I cannot do this, I will transcribe from the *Moniteur* of yesterday, December the 23d, 1839, a few extracts from royal ordinances signed by the King, which will furnish a general notion of the extent of the Executive duties in France :

“ *Are authorized*—Le Sieur George to keep in operation his flour-mill upon the river Blaisé, commune de Sainte Liviere.

“ Le Sieur Mathelin to convert into a flour-mill his plaister-mill upon the rivulet de Tanlay.

“ Le Sieur Boisset to add to the forge du Maillet, he owns upon the river de Loire, &c., a furnace to melt iron ore, a hand washing-place for the preparation of the mineral, and a pounding-mill for the dross.

“Les Sieurs Pillion, Destombs, and their associates, to transfer to the commune of Mauberge the iron manufactory they were authorized, by the ordinance of December the 12th, 1837, to establish in the commune of Saint-Rémy-Mal-Bati. This last ordinance is repealed.

“Les Sieurs Dupont and Dreyfus, to construct a second furnace near that which they possess in the commune of Apremont.”

Then follows an order for the classification of various roads, as royal roads, or as departmental; to which succeeds an authority to build a bridge on the Gardon and other streams; and then comes the establishment of the lines (alignements) of various roads in different parts of the kingdom.

How many ordinances these various dispositions required I do not know—the *Moniteur* enumerating the whole in one article, as the result of the ordinances signed by the king in the month of November, upon the report of the Minister of Public Works. If there were one ordinance for each act of authority, then sixty-five of these high Executive warrants must have been issued, giving the sanction of the Chief of the State to acts which with us belong to individual discretion, or which depend for their legalization upon the local magistrates.

But I pass from these grave topics, to others of a lighter character—to the ceremonials of the Court of France, which are much simpler, and more to the taste of an American, than those of any other Court of Europe. The usages which formerly held sway there, and which came down from the feudal times, have given place to observances more in conformity with the

feelings of the age, and which are yet quite sufficient to preserve the dignity of the personages who, in monarchical governments, are environed, from public considerations, with peculiar privileges, and with *prestiges* intended to produce a moral effect upon a people essentially different from ours in their estimate of these external observances. The advancing tide of opinion is making sad havoc among the old intrenchments of dignity in Europe—offices with titles quaint, pompous, or ridiculous, which, while they really degrade, instead of elevating, those who bear them, reflect dishonor upon the country where they are suffered to exist; evidences and relics of a barbarous age, “formed,” as Mr. Burke said, “upon manners and customs that have long since expired.” This great English reformer sixty years ago commenced an attack upon “these useless pieces of antiquity;” but his effort, as it preceded the spirit of the age, failed before the influence of the times; and though he partially succeeded, some two or three years later, yet, as he wittily observed, at the conclusion of an appropriate anecdote he told, he got so little, that he resembled the suitor who, being rejected by a widow, was driven to accept an old wig of her deceased husband’s, instead of the fair hand he sought. In his remarkable speech upon that occasion, he said, in the British House of Commons, that “Kings are naturally lovers of low company;” and to exclude such associations from the palace, and to bring to it a worthier class, he was prepared to retain much that he would otherwise have abolished: for, added he, “though these persons are not much the better for a Court, a Court will be much the better for them.” If the well-known imagination of the orator and rhetorician did

not give to this description of regal manners a coloring which the strict reality did not justify, the Court of George the Third, if that was his prototype, was far inferior to the Court of Louis Philippe in just elevation ; for the latter is beyond all reproach, in true dignity, in moral worth, and in the strict observance of all the courtesies and proprieties of life. In its internal economy, menial offices are executed by servants, and the dignity of the recipient is not permitted to change the character of the service, and to exalt the station of him who renders it. There are military officers of distinguished reputation, among whom any man may be proud to find a friend, who are aides-de-camp and orderly officers, and who are in daily attendance to fulfill the various functions of duty and civility which devolve upon them. And there are also ladies of equal worth attached to the Court, who are always found with the Queen and Princesses. But these have no antique, uncouth titles, nor is there any invidious duty or distinction connected with them, or the military gentlemen, which could offend the most scrupulous self-esteem.

Nothing has more painfully affected me, in the whole civil hierarchy of England, than the tenacious retention of these barbarous offices, menial in title as in fact, about the Court, and the avidity with which they are sought. Among the signs of the times, this is, in my opinion, one of the most inauspicious ; tending to degrade the class of society whose independence and true pride of character are thus sacrificed, and—though this effect cannot of course be any subject of regret to a republican observer—co-operating powerfully with other causes, to shake the edifice of British aristocracy.

Mr. Burke said, very pungently, that " it is not pro-

per that great noblemen should be keepers of dogs, though they were the king's dogs." But so does not think Lord Kinnaird; for a London paper of the last week says:—"Lord Kinnaird, the new master of her majesty's buck hounds, has just taken for four months, Colonel Cavendish's mansion at St. Leonard's, within about ten miles of Windsor, for the purpose of being within the immediate neighborhood of the place of his official duties." His "official duties," indeed! A peer of England, a hereditary judge of the court of the last resort, *a keeper of the Queen's dogs!*—Nor is this an extreme, nor even a very strong instance, of the disgraceful absurdity here alluded to.

A most instructive, as well as amusing, chapter might be written upon the history of these Court ceremonials, existing and extinct, which have heretofore controlled, in a greater or less degree, the destinies of nations. I have been told by one who spoke from his personal recollection, that when the unfortunate Marie Antoinette entered the French Court, she manifested a mixed feeling of dislike and contempt for the rigid etiquette which prevailed there; and sought, in the gaiety of her heart, to withdraw herself from its observance. He considered this *disenchantment* as the first in her long series of misfortunes, and as the commencement of that system of obloquy, which pursued her with relentless fury till it laid her head upon the scaffold. I can well appreciate her feelings in desiring to "*walk abroad into nature*," out of the artificial atmosphere in which she lived. But I must confess, that I surveyed with surprise one place associated by tradition with her name, and, which assuredly I should have thought presented the last scene a young, beautiful, and

accomplished woman would desire to visit. This was a stone bench in the catacombs under the city of Paris, which our guide told us had been constructed for the temporary repose of the queen and the gay and gallant Count d'Artois, when examining that impressive repository of the mortal remains of many generations which have died in this great city. You know these immense excavations extend under a considerable part of the capital, and that they have no doubt furnished its building materials since the earliest times. They are no longer worked, because the streets and many of the houses having been undermined, the surface of the ground, as well as buildings, occasionally fell in, and the government felt it necessary to check the farther progress of the evil. Pillars have been constructed in the most exposed situations, and as it is some time since I have heard of any accidents, I presume there are no farther apprehensions. The entrance is secured, and admittance is obtained with some difficulty, for, in Europe the public authorities are more careful of life than we are, and persons, having been separated from the guides, have become lost, and perished in this vast field of the dead. What end can be more frightful ! To wander in this immense charnel-house, surrounded by the most revolting emblems of mortality, to perish in the midst of departed generations, is terrible indeed. The bones are all arranged with horrible symmetry. Pillar after pillar, and wall after wall, of arms, and legs, and ribs, hedge in the visiter, and form a narrow path, along which he follows the "guide in impressive silence. And as the torches which are carried, and which alone light up these regions impenetrable to day, shed their feeble and flickering rays upon these

sad memorials of humanity, the scene is painful beyond description. And then come the columns of skulls, and you may almost fancy, as the fitful light strikes them, that they are grinning upon you with diabolical malice. The whole cavern resembles the Valley of the Shadow of Death, so powerfully described by the prophet, rendered still more strange by the display of a kind of taste in the arrangement of the materials.

I breathed freer when the portal of this great tomb closed behind me.

In one of Victor Hugo's plays, Ruy Blas, these antiquated Court ceremonials are most happily hit off; and the effect is so good, that I am tempted to transcribe a passage. The scene is in Spain, where such a scene ought to lie, for we are told that one of its kings was almost burned to death, because the established usage prohibited his removal from a large fire without the aid of the proper officer.

The Queen. "I wish to go out."

The Duchess of Alberquerque, making a profound salutation. "When the queen goes out, each door must be opened by a grandee of Spain, having a right to carry a key. Such is the rule. But no grandee can be present at the palace at this hour."

The Queen. "Then I am shut up. I am to be killed."

The Duchess, with another reverence. "I am Camerara Mayor. I fulfill the duties of my office."

The Queen, after a moment of silence. "Quick, my ladies, bring cards, and let us play."

The Duchess, to the ladies. "Don't move ladies." Then rising and making a reverence to the Queen,

she adds ; “ Her Majesty cannot play, according to the established ceremonial, except with kings, or the relations of kings.”

The Queen, in a passion. “ Well, bring these relations.”

The Duchess, making the sign of the cross. “ God has not given any to the reigning King. The Queen Mother is dead, and he is alone at present.”

The Queen. “ Let them serve me something to eat. Casilda, I invite you to eat with me.”

The Duchess, making a reverence. “ When the King is not present, the Queen eats alone.”

The Queen, losing all patience. “ Oh, my God, what shall I do ! I can’t go out, nor play, nor eat as I would. One year as a Queen is enough to kill me.”

A song is heard outside the palace.

The Queen, to Casilda. “ The wood is not thick here—this window looks out on the country—let us try to see the singers.”

The Duchess, making a reverence. “ A Queen of Spain ought not to look out of the window.”

But the imagination of the author has not equalled the record of history. In the absurdity of these observances, “ truth is strange, stranger than fiction.” When Marie Antoinette arrived on the frontiers of France, to espouse the Dauphin, she was divested of all her clothes, in a tent pitched for that purpose, and then habited in a French suit. Even Napoleon was led away by his penchant for these trifles to reestablish their observance at his Court ; and it is well known that at the coronation of the Empress there was quite a family scene, because he insisted that her train should be borne by his own quarters.

Under the ancient *regime*, the right to have both folding-doors thrown open, or to sit upon a *tabouret*, which is a cushioned stool, was one of the greatest honors a subject could aspire to, and excited more sensation than many a political event affecting the prosperity of the kingdom. On particular days the King dined in public, when the principal personages of the Court and the kingdom were seen standing at his chair, holding plates and towels under their arms and in their hands.

Burke says that one of his predecessors in reform, Lord Talbot, failed in his efforts, "because the turnspit in the King's kitchen was a Member of Parliament." I do not know if the importance of this office has diminished since that day, but as I find, that even in the Red Book for 1840 the *Chief Cook*, the *First Master Cook*, the *Second Master Cook*, and the *Third Master Cook*, are all designated as "*Esquires*," I may presume it is yet considered sufficiently honorable for a Member of Parliament to turn the King's spit. In Scotland, Sir W. Anstruther, a Baronet, is hereditary carver, having the right, standing at a side table, to cut up the meats ; and Sir James Carnegie is hereditary cup-bearer, to wait upon the King when he desires to drink. I find one appointment in the Red Book which I trust, during the reign of a Queen, and for the sake of conjugal happiness, will be a sinecure, that of "*leather breeches maker*" to her Majesty !

England may well afford to sweep away what Mr. Burke called these "incumbrances and nuisances," which are as offensive to true taste as they are incompatible with true dignity. She has justly earned for herself so proud a name in the world, that her institu-

tions need no false tinsel to set them off, nor her high personages any barbarous and antique offices, to shelter them from general observance, or to give them a factitious elevation. The period of mystification is passing away.

When there is a public presentation at the Tuilleries, the various strangers, belonging to different nations who desire to be present, make known their wishes to their proper Minister, who communicates them to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and from whom, or from the Introducer of Ambassadors, an answer is given, authorizing their reception, and indicating the proper day and hour. When this time arrives, these persons repair to the palace, and are introduced into a suit of apartments, commencing at what is called the throne room, and extending along the front of this immense building. The visitors are arranged in one line, passing down one side of the apartments and up the other. Their position depends upon the rank and seniority of the representative of their country. The Ambassadors are nearest the point where the King approaches; and then follow the Ministers Plenipotentiary, the Ministers Resident, and the Chargés, each in the order of time when he was accredited at the Court. This sensible arrangement, which everywhere prevails at present, in diplomatic precedence, was adopted by the Congress of Vienna, and has terminated all those ridiculous disputes about rank which heretofore occupied such a space in the history of national intercommunication. The King and all his family enter the public rooms together, and the King commences his attention to the circle by a few moments conversation with the only Ambassador present. This Ambassador then

along the line, with the King, presenting in succession each of his countrymen, and stops when he arrives at the end of his charge. Here the King salutes him, which he returns, and then the same ceremony takes place with the next diplomatic agent,—and so on, in succession, till the circle is completed. The name of each person is mentioned to the King, and he addresses him a few questions, generally having relation to his own country or to his visit to France. In a ceremonial like this, it is pretty difficult to exhibit much variety in the questions, but I have been told by those who have accompanied the King, that he displays great tact upon these occasions. After the King has proceeded some distance down the line, the Queen commences the same ceremony, and she is followed by the Duke of Orleans, the Duchess of Orleans, the Princess Adelaide, the King's sister, and the Duke of Nemours. The other sons of the family, when present, remain at the head of the apartment, and the Princess Clémentine, the youngest daughter, a young lady with much beauty and accomplishment, and it is said with great intelligence, generally makes the tour of the circle, leaning upon the arm of her mother or her aunt. Such is the ceremonial of presentation of gentlemen at the French Court. An application of the same kind is made in favor of the ladies who desire to be presented, but this goes to the proper Lady of Honor, and from her reaches the Queen. For ladies there are but two presentations in the year, generally in the first week of January. The ceremonies are so nearly similar to the description already given, that any additional details are unnecessary.

There is no limitation of numbers, and I understand

our Minister has asked for the presentation of fifty of his countrymen in one night, and I have farther learned, that no application of an American for presentation has been refused during the residence of the present minister in France. The January presentation is succeeded by one or more splendid court balls. On ordinary occasions the French royal family assemble after dinner in an evening saloon, where the queen and princesses are seated, with the ladies of the court, around a table, generally engaged in needle work, requiring little attention, and which, when finished, is sent to be sold at some fair, opened for the purpose of raising money for charitable objects. The diplomatic corps, and persons entitled by their position to the *entrée*, as it is called—that is, who are expected to pay their respects to the royal family in the evening—present themselves occasionally, and the ladies are invited to take seats round the table, where the queen, and her sister, Madame Adelaide, and the Duchess of Orleans, when present, receive them with great kindness and affability.

The gentlemen, after saluting the queen and her circle, are generally addressed by the King and by the Duke of Orleans, upon such topics of conversation as may naturally arise from the circumstances. There is in these family receptions, if I may so call them, a manifest desire on the part of the distinguished hosts to make the position of the persons, whether natives or foreigners, who present themselves there, as free from restraint, as is compatible, perhaps, with the social distinctions, necessarily incident to a monarchical government. Certainly there is no other Court in Europe where an access like this is permitted, and where the interior of royal life is thus thrown open to public gaze.

But the dynasty of July has nothing to fear from the most rigid examination of the social and domestic conduct of its members.

In the winter there are great balls at the Tuilleries, at one or more of which each American who has been presented at Court is invited. I understand the usage to be, that the proper officer writes to our Minister, asking for the names of all his countrymen and countrywomen who are in Paris, and who have in previous years been received by the King : and to the list thus furnished the names of all those recently presented are added, and an invitation is sent to each. As to the balls themselves, I must decline the office of chronicler. I have neither taste nor time for the task. There is all the splendor which power and wealth can command. There are immense apartments, gorgeously furnished and brilliantly illuminated—guards on duty, and servants in rich liveries—a numerous company, from all quarters of the globe, many in their national costumes, and each habited for the occasion—and there are besides these all the proper accessories of music and refreshments, including a magnificent supper, which may be expected from the highest rank and the most refined taste.

In the summer the King and his family leave Paris, and reside at Neuilly and St. Cloud, and occasionally at Fontainebleau, and some of the other royal seats. A day at Fontainebleau will give a general notion of the mode of life at these residences, and I will describe it as it has been described to me. Each guest is provided with proper apartments ; and soon after he rises he is offered a cup of coffee, as is usual in France ; and he then strolls out to look at the grounds, or to

amuse himself as his inclination or caprice may dictate. About eleven o'clock he is summoned to breakfast, or as it is termed, a *dejeuner à la fourchette*. He repairs to the saloon of reception, where he pays his respects to the royal family, and where he meets all the other guests, who participate with him in the general hospitality. From here the company go to the breakfast room, a magnificent hall, where a splendid table is spread with perhaps one hundred covers. The breakfast—resembling, in fact, a dinner, rather than our morning meal—is served upon elegant dishes, and presents the greatest variety of the choicest fruits. It is introduced by soup, and at the termination tea or coffee is taken according to the taste of each person. At this time, an intimation is given to the guests respecting the amusements of the day, which consist in hunting in the beautiful forest, visiting the circumjacent country, looking at the military manœuvres, or recreations of a similar kind. The means of riding are placed at the disposition of each person, either in carriages or on horseback, and he joins the party, and the day passes cheerfully away. At six o'clock in the evening there is again a general reunion in the saloons of reception, and from these the company move to the dinner table, which is all that the epicure or the man of the most refined taste could wish. Among other amusements of the evening is that of walking through the splendid apartments, one of which, by the by, contains the table at which the renunciation of Napoleon was written, together with the pen and inkstand which he made use of on that memorable occasion, and the original autograph instrument he wrote. The room is historical, and it is to be hoped that no Vandal

will arise to destroy these interesting memorials. There is no danger of this during the life of the present King or that of his son.

The rest of the evening is spent in music and conversation, and a cheerful day is brought to a cheerful close. I am told, that no one has ever passed a day at this hospitable seat without being most favorably impressed with the kind attention, devoid of all ostentation, of which he has been the object.

But I quit these descriptions of royal life, for sketches of mind and manners. Perhaps what I have said may be thought inappropriate to your pages, and in unfortunate juxtaposition with more important matter. But you must recollect, that the courtesies of society enter deeply into public opinion, and that he who travels abroad and shuts his eyes upon the various modes of life, high or low, he may encounter, under the impression that these are too insignificant for his wisdom or his gravity, may return with a self-satisfied conviction of his own acquisitions, but he will assuredly bring back with him little of that practical knowledge without which his gravity, instead of being a proof of his wisdom, is but a cloak for his imbecility. And an American, while he is proud of the institutions of his country, and grateful for the rational equality which prevails there, may yet seek to explain the usages of other societies, and describe them for the gratification of his countrymen, without incurring the suspicion that he is dazzled by European lustre, or that he cannot return to his country with feelings and affections as warm as when he left it. It is owing to the essential difference in the organization of American and European institutions, social and political, that the *Quid-Nuncs*

of the old world are so often deceiving themselves and their believers, respecting the gravity and tendency of every outbreak of popular feeling that occurs in the United States, and from which no human government can be wholly exempt. While every true-hearted citizen censures and deplores these acts of violence, whether their object be to resist some unpopular officer or measure, or, as more frequently happens in these latter days, to condemn—not to try—and then to punish, some obnoxious individual by the process, so lamentably well known, of the “Lynch Law,” it cannot be denied, that there is often, perhaps too often, some provocation, not for the acts, but for the excited feelings which lead to them. But the extenuating circumstances, if any exist, are unknown in Europe, while the naked facts are conspicuously recorded in all the journals, and greedily seized as proofs of the little regard for law or right in the *Pattern Republic*. It would be a curious and instructive work, were a collection made of the various *émeutes*, seditious attempts, and open violations of law, which have occurred in Europe even during the short time I have resided here. There was more blood shed in London, in the riots of 1780, than has flowed from all the popular movements in the United States since the first occupation of the country. And in France incidents of this kind are continually occurring, but they are not *spread out* for effect, as are the recitals of our political offences. I suppose the disturbances at Amiens, last season, were hardly known in the United States; and yet we have nothing to compare with them in their gravity. As to the *émeutes* of Paris, which have so often disturbed and threatened the government, and the more recent riots in Wales, their

political importance has given them a sudden celebrity. But this mania of opposition to the laws has seized the heretofore quiet Swedes ; and a most formidable movement, which threatened the safety of Stockholm, was recently repressed only with great difficulty and exertion. And unfortunately for the intelligence of the age, the cause of this excitement was simply a proposition to extend to the native Jews a portion of the rights enjoyed by their countrymen.

But the principal point of inquiry, in all estimates of the moral character of a people, deduced from their habits of obedience to the law, must necessarily be the physical strength which the government employs in the maintenance of its authority. In the city of Paris, and in its immediate vicinity, there is a constant armed force of not less than 30,000 men, and which, it is said, often reaches the number of 50,000. Here is a well appointed army, adequate to the conquest of a kingdom. And the soldiers are quartered in every part of the city, prepared to put down any insurrectionary movements, and to give aid to the civil authority. And at all the public offices, and round all the Courts of Justice, guards are stationed, and sentinels are always on duty. Continually in the streets soldiers are seen passing with persons in their custody to be examined or committed. This display and employment of military force is evidently the great machine of authority, without which the peace of the capital and the safety of the kingdom could not exist twenty-four hours. I make this remark *not in anger but in sadness*—not because public order is thus supported, but because the state of society renders a resort to this species of force necessary. Still, however, it must not be supposed that

rational freedom is oppressed by military power in France. This cannot be ; public opinion is too strong, and the provisions of the Charter too salutary, to suffer such an abuse, even if the government were disposed to attempt it. But it is evident that the men who govern France at this day are little inclined to put in practice the exploded maxims of arbitrary power ; and as I have not remarked, since I have been in this country, where the press is entirely free, and the community equally jealous and vigilant, a single complaint of military interference with civil rights, I must necessarily believe that such an occurrence is rare. There is, in truth, great personal freedom in France ; and it appears to me, that the general condition of the kingdom is more happy than it has been in any former period of its history.

Preparations are at this moment making in Paris for the opening of the Chambers, and an official publication has just appeared in the *Moniteur* which will give you some notion of the respect evinced by the government for the newspaper press, and consequently the force of the latter. This notice is as follows :

“ Questorship of the Chamber of Deputies.

“ The Editors of the daily journals giving an account of the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies are requested to meet at the office of the Secretary of the Questors, Saturday next, the 21st of this month, in order to form a *Syndicate*, and to determine the mode of admission to the tribunes reserved to the Journalists.”

A “syndicate,” you will observe, is the organization of any association for its self-government, and is a usual proceeding in France for the regulation of persons

uniting together for a legal object. It has some resemblance to our corporations; and though liable to objections, it has the advantage of an interior police conducted by responsible persons.

This deference to the purveyors of public information is a striking fact in the progress of monarchical governments; and where it exists, there can be few abuses without exposure—and, I may add, without correction.

But with us the laws may be said to uphold themselves. It is their moral, not their physical force, which ensures the obedience of society. It is the habit of submission which we are all taught in early life, that gives to a little piece of paper borne by a sheriff or constable, the effect of a magical wand to break down all opposition. There is not a kingdom in Europe whose institutions could survive a day if they were left to the same protection upon which our society depends for its preservation. And let him who speculates upon the relative moral condition of different people, whose obedience to the salutary restraints of law springs from such dissimilar motives, keep steadily in view this remarkable American peculiarity. And if he add, that in the United States, the soldier is utterly unknown as an instrument to compel submission to the civil power, he may judge of the superiority of the *morale* of our social organization over that of any other country on the face of the globe.

A circumstance occurred last winter, somewhat amusing in itself, but worth repeating, in connection with this subject; because, while it exhibits the working of our system, it exhibits also the estimate which is liable to be formed of it in Europe. The proceedings

at Harrisburg were carefully published in all the journals of France and England, with criticisms and anticipations little flattering to the national pride of us Americans who were in Europe. During the progress of this affair, there was a presentation at Court, at which were assembled, as usual, persons from every part of Europe, as well as many of our countrymen. The King, in passing along, stopped, as is his custom, to converse with our Minister; and it was remarked that he appeared to be very earnestly engaged, and then laughed heartily at some observation that seemed to be made, in answer to an inquiry he had put. I learned afterwards, from those who were within hearing of the conversation, that the King had asked the Minister if he had had any recent intelligence from Harrisburg; and finding there was none, he inquired, what would probably be the result of the difficulty. Our latest account of this legislative *émeute*, as it appeared to a European, had left the operation precisely where the Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania was compelled to seek safety by jumping out of a window—an event of the gravest character, when estimated according to the notions of French politicians. The Minister answered that much more importance was attached in Europe to this temporary suspension of legislative authority, than the result would prove it deserved. That the history of the United States had shown upon many serious occasions, that sudden exaltations of feeling soon gave way to calm reflection, and to an obedience to the laws; and that he expected the next packet would bring information that the whole affair was terminated, and that some justice of the peace was examining into the conduct of the respective parties to

ascertain by whom the laws had been violated, and to prepare the matter for judicial investigation. In fact, the anticipation proved correct, both with respect to the resumption of their proper authority by the Legislature, and to the interposition of the examining magistrates. The King was of course too polite to express any doubt concerning the prophecy of the Minister, whatever might have been his personal opinion. It is more than probable that the mirth he displayed resulted from one of those contrasts which flash across the mind when extraordinary comparisons are presented. Perhaps he pictured to himself a similar scene in the Chamber of Peers, with its President compelled to abandon the Legislative Hall, and to flee, like his *confrère* at Harrisburg, through a window; and in such an event he might well deride a suggestion which would refer to a justice of the peace the restoration of order and the vindication of the laws. When such a legislative scene shall be exhibited in France, it will be neither warrants nor officers, that will assert the supremacy of the public authority, but agents of a far more efficient character in Europe—cannons and armies.

But I proceed to a more agreeable topic. It is well known in the United States, that the King traveled through our country in early life. I have already alluded to the events which, soon after the commencement of the French Revolution, rendered him an exile. He did not, like the princes of the elder branch of his house, join the enemy. He never bore arms against his country. But he traveled into Switzerland, where he concealed himself some time, while performing the functions of Professor at an institution of education at

Reichenau,—and there is now at the Palais Royal a picture of this interesting event of his life. He remained at this establishment eight months, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics. Previously to admission, he underwent a severe and satisfactory examination, and when he quitted his *Chair* he received a certificate, acknowledging the useful services he had rendered to the institution. Let his descendants preserve this precious document. It will be long before the House of Orleans receives, in the person of one of its members, a reward more worthy the regard of every man interested in the true dignity of human nature. The young Professor was then twenty-two years of age; and he not only preserved his *incognito*, but his conduct was so discreet, that he was elected a deputy to the assembly at Coire.

Even in the disastrous circumstances of his personal position, he was still anxious to serve his country; and General Montesquiou having agreed to accept him as his Aide-de-Camp, he left his peaceful retreat at Reichenau, and joined the General, with whom he remained till 1794, under the name of Corby. Suspicions having however been excited respecting his true character, he abandoned the family of General Montesquiou, and determined to remove himself farther from France. There was not wanting a party even at that day, which hoped to see a constitutional monarchy established, with the Duke of Orleans at its head; and the weight of character he had acquired rendered him an object of hatred and suspicion to the terrible and ever-changing rulers who at that era of desperate energy governed and died in blood. His own wish was to seek refuge in the United States; but the heir of the House of Orleans

and the descendant of Henry the Fourth, was too poor to undertake so distant an expedition. He had therefore to postpone the realization of this project, until he could procure the means of defraying its expense ; but as he commenced at this period the pilgrimage which ultimately conducted him to our country, I have thought that a general outline of the events of this part of his life would not be uninteresting to your readers. As I have had a favorable opportunity of acquiring the facts, I will communicate to you a brief summary of the King's adventures till he left the United States—remarking, however, that I can vouch for the authenticity of the narrative, as I hold almost all the information from *one who cannot be deceived*.

From Switzerland he repaired to Hamburg, and thence through Jutland to Copenhagen and Elsinour ; and from the last city, peculiarly interesting to an Englishman and American, by its association with one of the proudest monuments of the genius of Shakspeare, he crossed the Sound, and landed upon the Scandinavian Peninsula. After visiting Gottenburg and a part of Sweden, he entered Norway, and stopped a short time at Frederickshall, the scene of the last occurrence in the eventful life of Charles Twelfth, one of the most impressive illustrations which history has left of the vanity of human glory, and a theme for future moralists, as it has been already for the past, when seeking to describe the unsatisfactory result of military ambition. "His death," says Dr. Johnson, with great force and beauty—

"His death was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

From Frederickshall, the King continued his route to Christiana, where he remained some time, tranquil and unsuspected, and enjoying the primitive kindness of Norwegian hospitality. But a curious instance happened one day, to disturb his equanimity, and which at first led him to fear he was discovered. It is the habit of society, in that city, at the proper season, after having breakfasted, to go into the country, and there pass the residue of the day. After one of these excursions, when the family where the stranger had been received was preparing to return to town, he heard the son exclaim, with a loud voice,—“The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!” He was recognised without doubt—but how could it be? Preserving, however, his self-possession, and perceiving the young man did not regard him, he was anxious to learn the cause of this singular annunciation. “Why,” said he smiling, “did you call the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what relations have you with the Prince?” “None, indeed,” answered his Norwegian friend; “but while at Paris, whenever we issued from the Opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, ‘the carriage of the Duke of Orleans!’ I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation.”

The King continued his tour to Drontheim, and thence to Hamersfeldt, the most northern town in Europe; and I was gratified to see an incident recently recorded in the public journals, which proved that this hyperborean city had not escaped his recollection; but that he had sent, by a French frigate engaged in scientific researches in that quarter, a present of a clock, to be placed in

the tower of the church, and thence to sound the warning hours over the Frozen Ocean. He continued on to the North Cape, the *Ultima Thule* of Europe, where he arrived the 24th of August, 1795. This great but-tress of the continent, advancing into the icy seas, is impressively described by the few travelers who have visited it, and is remarkable from its features, its situation, and its associations. It is one of the spots on the face of the globe where the conviction of human weakness and of Almighty power is the most overwhelming. Its sad aspect is well described in these lines of Ovid :

“Est locus extremis Scythiæ glacialis in oris,
Triste solum, sterilis, sine fruge, sine arbore, tellus.”

Here he found himself among a new race of men ; and accompanied by the Laplanders and their reindeer, and on foot, he traversed the country extending to the Gulf of Bothnia, and arrived at Tornea, a little port situated at its northern extremity. He advanced into Finland, as far as the Russian frontier, but the Gallophobia of the Northern Semiramis was too well known to allow him to run the risk of Siberia and the knout, and he crossed the Gulf of Finland to Stockholm.

If the political events in France had overturned the throne of Capet, and sent forth his descendants to wander in foreign lands, it must be confessed that this young member of the exiled family had turned his misfortunes to the most profitable account. He was studying human nature in the best of all schools, the school of experience and adversity ; and by bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and by adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself

for that course of events which has given him such a powerful influence over the destinies of his own country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these Arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world.

After completing the examination of these ancient kingdoms, and after having been recognized at Stockholm, he proceeded to Denmark, and under an assumed name withdrew himself from observation. During his expedition no melioration had taken place in his pecuniary resources or political prospects; but no reverses could shake the determination he had formed not to bear arms against France, and he declined the invitation of Louis XVIII. to join the army under the Prince of Condé.

His father had perished upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Paris, and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, had been shut up in the Castle of St. Jean, at Marseilles, where these young men, in the morning of life, without a fault but that of their birth, were treated with all that cruelty which seems to have formed a part of the system of government which at this early period of the Revolution oppressed France and astonished the world. Gradually, however, the condition of the Duchess of Orleans had become meliorated, and she was released from prison, though still subjected to a rigorous surveillance. Her great moral worth may have had its effect in procuring this relaxation of severity for all accounts

represent her as adorning the high position she filled in society.

Her eldest son had taken his measures with such prudence that the French government had lost all traces of him. But the mystery in which he had enveloped himself probably increased their suspicion of his designs, and their desire to discover him—always jealous of this only branch of the Bourbon family which seemed to have left in France any favorable recollections of the past, or any reasonable hopes for the future.

The French political agents in the proper quarters were instructed to exert themselves to discover, if possible, his place of refuge. Attention was particularly directed to Prussia and Poland, in one or other of which countries he was thought to be. But these efforts were baffled, and were finally succeeded by an attempt of a different character, making such an appeal to the feelings of the son and brother, as left him no hesitation in accepting the offer of a more distant expatriation, which was made to him. A communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans; and she was given to understand that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and prevail upon him to repair to the United States, her own position should be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property; and that her two youngest sons should be released, and permitted to join their brother in America. To this proposition the Duchess assented, and wrote a letter to her son, recommending a compliance with the terms proposed, and adding—"May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful,

and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity !”

The government charged itself with the expedition of this letter to the exile, and again renewed its researches for his discovery. These still proving fruitless, recourse was had to a Mr. Westford, a merchant of Hamburg, who, from some circumstances, was supposed to be in correspondence with the Prince. This suspicion was well founded ; but this faithful friend, ready to exclaim “ *timeo Danaos,*” received with proper incredulity the declaration of the French Chargé d’Affaires at Hamburg, that his object, in opening a communication with the King, was to convey to him a letter from his mother, on the part of the government ; and disclaimed all knowledge of his actual residence. He, however, immediately communicated to the King a statement of what had taken place, and the latter determined to risk the exposure in the hope of receiving a letter directly from his mother. He was actually in the neighborhood of Hamburg, though in the Danish States, where he had changed his residence from time to time, as a due regard to secrecy required. An interview was arranged by Mr. Westford, at his own house, between the King and the French Chargé, where they met in the evening, and where, after the receipt of his mother’s letter, he signified at once his acceptance of the terms proposed, and his determination to embark for the United States without delay. He immediately wrote a letter to his mother, commencing with the truly filial declaration : “ When my dear mother shall receive this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States.”

The ship “ American,” Captain Ewing, a regular

trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for departure. The King passing for a Dane, applied to the captain, and engaged his passage for the usual amount, at that time thirty-five guineas. He had with him a faithful servant, long attached to his person, whom he was anxious to take. But the captain, for some reason, seemed unwilling to receive him, and told his importunate passenger, that the services of this man would be useless to him upon the voyage; and that when he reached the United States, his servant would certainly desert him. He was, however, finally persuaded to yield, and the servant was received for seventeen and a half guineas.

The King was anxious to escape observation in Hamburg, and asked permission of the captain to repair on board his ship, and remain a few days before her departure. The captain with some reluctance consented to this unusual proposition; though it afterwards appeared that this step, and the mystery which evidently surrounded his young passenger, had produced an unfavorable impression upon his mind.

Late in the night preceding the departure of the ship from the Elbe, when the King was in his berth, an elderly French gentleman, destined to be his only fellow-cabin passenger, came on board. He understood English badly, and spoke it worse; and perceiving the accommodations far inferior to those he had anticipated, he set himself to find fault with much vehemence, but with a garrulity wonderfully checked by the difficulty he encountered in giving vent to his excited feelings in English. He called for an interpreter; and not finding one, he gradually wore away, if not

his discontent, the expression of it, and retired to rest. In the morning, seeing the King, his first inquiry was, if he spoke French ; and perceiving he did, he expressed his gratification, and said, " You speak very well for a Dane, and you will be able to get along without my instruction. You are a young man and I am an old one, and you must serve as my interpreter." To this the King assented, and the old gentleman, who was a planter from St. Domingo, on his way to his native island, commenced the enumeration of his grievances. The first related to himself, and the second to the ship. He had no teeth, and the cook no soft bread ; and he said it was impossible to sail in a vessel not provided with the means of baking fresh bread ; that such an arrangement existed on board all the French ships, and that he could not eat the American biscuit. The captain coolly told him, " There is my beef, and there is my bread—and if you are not satisfied with my fare, you can leave the ship." The impatient planter, unwilling to relinquish the chance of revisiting his native country, thought it better to risk the teeth and the biscuit rather than disembark, and continued on board. There were many steerage passengers, Germans and Alsatians, emigrating to the United States. The ship left the Elbe the 24th of September, 1796, and after a pleasant passage of twenty-seven days arrived at Philadelphia. Shortly before entering the Capes of the Delaware, the King, unwilling that the captain should learn his true character from public report after reaching his destination, disclosed to him who he was. The captain expressed his gratification at the communication, and frankly stated, that the circumstances under which he had come on board had produced an impres-

sion upon his mind unfavorable to his young passenger; that in striving to conjecture what could be his true position, he had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gaming speculations, and that he was seeking secrecy and refuge in the New World. The chances of luck had indeed been against his new acquaintance, and he had lost a great prize in the lottery of life; but he had preserved those better prizes, an unreproached conscience, and an unblemished reputation. The other passenger, the St. Domingo planter, remained in ignorance of the name of his cabin companion, till he learned it in Philadelphia, when he called to make known his surprise, and to tender his compliments.

The first quarters the King occupied, after reaching Philadelphia, were the lower part of a house belonging to the Rev. Mr. Marshall, and adjoining a church in Walnut Street, between 4th and 5th Streets; and here he remained anxiously awaiting the arrival of his two brothers. They had embarked at Marseilles, on board a Swedish ship, the "Jupiter;" and had a tedious and unusual passage of ninety-three days. This delay led the King to fear, either that some accident had befallen them at sea, or that the French government had failed to fulfill the promise which had been made to himself and his mother. However, their arrival put a stop to his sad forebodings; and after their union the three brothers removed to a house belonging to the Spanish Consul in 6th Street. Here they passed the winter, mingling in the society of Philadelphia, and forming many acquaintances, whose names appear to be fresh in the recollection of the King—such as Mr. Bingham, Mr. Willing, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Gallatin, Mrs.

Powell, &c. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the Federal Government, and General Washington was at the head of the Administration. The three young strangers were presented to him, and were invited to visit Mount Vernon after the expiration of his term of service. The King was present at the last address delivered by General Washington to Congress, and also at the inauguration of Mr. Adams, when his venerable predecessor joyfully took his leave of public life.

During the season, the King and his brothers visited Mount Vernon, passing through Baltimore, where he renewed an acquaintance previously formed in Philadelphia with General Smith; and crossing the *site* of the present City of Washington, where he was hospitably received by the late Mr. Law, and where he met the present General Mason of Georgetown. I understand this most respectable man is well remembered by the King, who loves to speak of the hospitality of his house, and of his personal kindness—evinced, among other circumstances, by his accompanying his three young guests in a visit to the Falls of the Potomac. From Georgetown the party passed through Alexandria, and thence went to Mount Vernon; where they were most kindly received, and where they resided some days. The King's reminiscences of *the* patriot coincide with the statements generally given by his contemporaries of his private life and personal habits. He was comparatively silent, somewhat reserved, methodical in the division of his time, and careful in the use of it. The arrangement of his household was that of a wealthy Virginia gentleman.

of the old school—unostentatious, comfortable, and leaving his guests to fill up their hours as they thought fit, and at the same time providing whatever was necessary for pleasant employment. One morning, after the usual salutations, the King asked his distinguished host, how he had slept the preceeding night. It is probable, from the answer, that some peculiar circumstance had turned his thoughts towards the evils too often produced in society by reprehensible publications. However this may be, that answer deserves to be engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen: “I always sleep well, for I never wrote a word in my life which I had afterwards cause to regret.”

While at Mount Vernon, General Washington prepared for the exiled princes an itinerary of a journey to the Western Country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles for his personal comfort. I know a fellow-countryman who has been favored by the King with the sight of one of Bradley’s maps of the United States, of the earliest edition, which he had with him during the several tours he made in our country; and I understand that the appearance of this ancient traveling companion furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travelers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers, to ac-

quire a just knowledge of our country, at a time when the difficulties of traveling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American.

For the sake of your younger readers, I will mention, what I understand the King stated at the time he showed this map to our countryman, and which proves his love of order, and his attention to the details of life, without which there can be no true independence nor lasting usefulness. He mentioned that he possessed an accurate account showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States. It is an example of business habits, worthy of all praise and all imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington, and both of these celebrated men were no doubt penetrated with the conviction that punctuality is essential to success. For myself, I have no belief in that greatness which is too great to mingle with the details of life.

Our adventurers took the road by Leesburg and Harper's Ferry to Winchester. Here they dismounted at a house kept by Mr. Bush, and who, that knew this pleasant hospitable town forty years ago, did not know Mr. Bush, and his quiet, comfortable public house? I have him in my mind's eye, as he was then—portly, ruddy, though advanced in life, with a large broad-brimmed hat, and with his full clothes of the olden time, looking the very patriarch of his establishment. He had two houses, one for his family, and one for his guests; and there was no resting place in all that rich valley more coveted by the traveler than this. It was altogether a model of neatness and comfort. and the good man who

had built it up, and who yet continued it more from the desire of employment than the desire of gain, seemed to consider the relations subsisting between the traveler and himself as a favor to the former and not to the latter. I devoutly hope that no *spirit of improvement* has cut down the willow tree, nor turned away the little brook upon whose banks it grew, immediately in front of this primitive establishment,—for many a time, under the shadow of the one and by the murmur of the other, I have sat and listened to this interesting man, while he recounted the perils and trials of the inhabitants of Winchester, while Winchester was a frontier post, and the mountains beyond it the abode of hostile Indians. And my attention was awakened into enthusiasm, when he took up the story of Washington, and drew from his memory many a fact which he had seen and known, of the youthful days of the hero. For Washington was stationed at Winchester during a portion of the contest between the English and French, for supremacy upon the North American continent, and when the Indians were let loose, and incited to acts of terrible cruelty, upon the exposed border. For a part of the time he was an inmate of Mr. Bush's house, and it was evident that his whole conduct and bearing had left the most favorable and profound impression upon the worthy landlord. And I recollect he adverted to a distinguishing trait in the characteristic habits of Washington, that of the power he acquired over all around him; observing, that though he was young, his officers, while they loved their commander, still were controlled and restrained by his presence.

Mr. Bush was from Manheim, and the King had

recently visited that city, and besides he spoke German as well as French or English. A bond of communication was thus established between them, and the landlord and the traveler were soon engaged in an interesting conversation. This took place while the necessary arrangements were making in the culinary department to provide a substantial meal for the hungry guests; and probably also for others who were waiting for the same indispensable attention. One of the younger brothers was indisposed, and the king suggested to his landlord a wish that his party might be permitted to eat by themselves. But oh, the vanity of human expectations! Such a proposition had never been heard in the whole valley of the Shenandoah, and least of all in the mansion of our friend, Mr. Bush. The rules of his house, to which the laws of the Medes and Persians were but transitory regulations, had been attacked, and his professional pride wounded; and the recollections of Manheim, and the pleasure of his native language, and the modest conversation of the young strangers, were all thrown to the wind, and the worthy and offended dignitary exclaimed: "If you are too good to eat at the same table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house—begone!" And notwithstanding the deprecatory tone which the King immediately took, his disavowal of any intention to offend, and his offer to eat where it would be agreeable to this governor of hungry appetites that these should be assuaged, the young men were compelled to leave the house, and seek refuge elsewhere.

Our adventurers turned their backs upon Mr. Bush and Winchester, and proceeded by Staunton and Abingdon to Knoxville and Nashville. From the latter

place they took their departure for Pittsburg, which they reached, after passing through Louisville, Lexington, Maysville, Chilicothe, Lancaster, Zanesville, Wheeling, and Washington, in Pennsylvania. When traversing the Barrens in Kentucky, they stopped at a cabin, where was to be found "*entertainment for man and horse*," and where the landlord was very solicitous to ascertain the business of the travelers—not apparently out of any idle or interested curiosity, but because he seemed to feel a true solicitude for them. It was in vain, however, the King protested they were traveling to look at the country, and without any views of purchase or settlement. Such a motive for encountering the trouble and expense of a long journey was without the circle of the settler's observation or experience; and he could only believe it by placing these young men quite low in his scale of human intelligence, and then with a feeling of pity or contempt. In the night all the travelers were *stowed away* upon the floor of the cabin, with their feet to a prodigious fire—(they did not sell wood by the pound, as they do at Paris)—and I can vouch for the fact, whatever may be thought of it in these degenerate days of steamboats, railroads, splendid taverns, and feather-beds, that no man need desire a more comfortable sleep than a long day's ride, a hearty supper, and what was called the soft side of a plank, with the appliance of a good fire, formerly gave to the traveler in the infancy of our settlements in the trans-Alleghany regions. This Green River cabin, like all its congeners, had but one room, and while the guests were stretched upon the floor, the landlord and his wife occupied their *puncheon* bedstead—(I won't insult your readers by presuming they need an expla-

nation of this term)—which was pinned to the logs forming the side of the *mansion*. In the night the King overheard the good man expressing to his wife his regret, that three such promising young men were running uselessly over the country, and wondering they did not purchase land there, and establish themselves creditably.

At Bairdstown the King was indisposed, and stopped to rest and recover. Unfortunately the place was in commotion, and the whole family at the inn, father, mother, children, and servants, left their sick guest without attention. When the landlady made her appearance, the latter, a little impatient, asked why she had not left a servant to wait upon him. She answered with great animation, that there was a show there, the first that had ever been seen in Bairdstown, and she could not think of staying away herself, nor of withholding any of her family. I have understood, that since the King has been upon the throne, he has presented to the venerable Bishop Flaget a clock for his cathedral in this very Bairdstown. “Who knows what tomorrow shall bring forth?”

At Chilicothe the King found a public house kept by a Mr. McDonald, a name well known to the early settlers of that place; and he was a witness of a scene which the progress of morals and manners has since rendered a rare one, in that place, or indeed throughout the well regulated State of Ohio. He saw a fight between the landlord and some one who frequented his house; in which the former would have suffered, if the King had not interfered to separate the combatants. The second in command, who distinguished himself at the battles of Fleurus and Jemappes, performed, in the

ancient capitol of the North Western Territory, the office of mediator between two rival powers !

At Zanesville the party found the comfortable cabin of Mr. McIntire, whose name has been preserved in the King's memory, and whose house was a favorite place of rest and refreshment for all the travelers who at this early period were compelled to traverse that part of the country. And if these pages should chance to meet the eyes of any of those who, like the writer, have passed many a pleasant hour under the roof of this uneducated, but truly worthy and respectable man, he trusts they will unite in this tribute to his memory.

At Pittsburg the travelers rested several days and formed an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants, and particularly with General Neville, so well known for his respectability and amiable qualities. They met there Mr. Brackenridge, afterwards Judge Brackenridge, whose peculiar characteristics were equally visible in his rambling satire called "Modern Chivalry," and in his personal eccentricities, both as a lawyer and a magistrate ; but withal a man of genius, of unquestioned probity, and of much intelligence. Many a pregnant anecdote of his wit and oddity was circulated among the bench and bar at that early period in the history of Western jurisprudence ; and I might appeal to some yet well remembered friends, who still survive the lapse of time, and who have no doubt preserved these reminiscences of departed mirth. This was the Judge who, with a chivalry equal to that of the hero of his own story, requested to be impeached by the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, because that high body had instituted an impeachment against his judicial brethren ; and who escaped the effect of his temerity

—which led, not to the process he courted, but to an address from two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature for his removal—by a lexicographical decision of the Governor, M'Kean, who said, he would let the General Assembly know that the constitutional "*may*" meant "*won't*." The King has preserved a distinct impression of the peculiar mental features of Judge Brackenridge; and though these may not often be found among judicial functionaries of the present day, they were not unknown at that time.

Your Solons and Justinians now upon the stage must look back with forbearance upon some traits of levity of their predecessors in jurisprudence who *cut the first legal bush* in the West. A solemn demeanor and official gravity may become the profession in these comfortable days of its existence; but in those by-gone times, when the judge and the lawyer mounted their horses, and rode one and two hundred miles to a Court, and then to another and another yet, and through woods, following merely a bridle-path, crossing the swollen streams upon their horses while swimming, and thrown together at night into a small cabin, the school of Democritus had far more disciples among them than that of Heraclitus. I have certainly been in much greater peril since, but with respect to a real *nonplush*—(my Western friends will understand me)—the crowning incident of my life was upon the bank of the Scioto Salt Creek, suddenly raised by a heavy rain, in which I had been unhorsed by the breaking of the saddle girths. My steed was a bad swimmer, who, instead of advancing after losing his footing, amused himself by sinking to the bottom, and then leaping with his utmost force; and this new equestrian feat he continued,

till rider, saddle, saddle-bags, and blankets were thrown into the water, and the recusant animal emerged upon one side of the creek, and the luckless traveler crawled out upon the other, as he best could—while the luggage commenced its journey for New Orleans. It appears to me now, that a more *dripping* spectacle of despair was never exhibited, than I presented, while surveying, many miles from a house, this shipwreck of my traveling fortunes.

These, however, were the troubles of the day ; but oh, they were recompensed by the comforts of the evening, when the hospitable cabin and the warm fire greeted the traveler!—when a glorious supper was spread before him—turkey, venison, bear's meat, fresh butter, hot corn bread, sweet potatoes, apple sauce, and pumpkin butter ! The sturdy English moralist may talk of a Scotch supper as he pleases, but he who never sat down to that meal in the West forty years ago, has never seen the perfection of gastronomy. And then the animated conversation succeeded by a floor and a blanket, and a refreshing sleep !

The primitive court-house, built of logs, and neither chinked nor daubed, but with respectable interstices big enough to allow the passage of a man, is another permanent object in this group of recollections. And in this *sanctuary*, as well as in the public houses, the Court and Bar, and suitors and witnesses, were mingled in indescribable confusion.

Strange scenes sometimes occurred under these circumstances ; and a characteristic anecdote is told of General Jackson, in a situation where he displayed his usual firmness, by compelling the submission of a noisy braggadocio who had interrupted the Court, and suc-

cessfully resisted the efforts of the officers to apprehend him.

I recollect a similar incident which took place in a small village upon the banks of the Ohio. The Court was in session, and the presiding officer was a Colonel P****, a man of great resolution, and of a herculean frame. A person entered the Court Cabin, and by his noise put a stop to the proceedings. He was ordered out, and the sheriff attempted to remove him ; but he put himself upon his *reserved rights*, and made such a vigorous resistance, that the officer retired from the contest. Colonel P**** thereupon descended from the bench, coolly took off his coat, gave the brawler a severe beating, and after putting him out of the house, resumed his garment and his seat, and continued his judicial functions.

As I may never have so favorable an opportunity of relating another anecdote characteristic of these times, and which I have long preserved in my memory, I will inflict it upon you now. The principal actor in the scene was my early, and has been my constant friend, and is yet pursuing his profession in the northern part of Ohio, respected by all who know him. Should these sketches meet his eye, while they recall one of the laughable scenes of his youth, they will recall, I hope, the memory of the writer.

This gentleman was engaged in a cause which came on for trial, but in which I have always suspected he was not prepared. He rose from his seat, and gravely observed, that his client was ready, but that really the members of the Court were too much intoxicated—(he used a worse word than that)—to perform their duties, and he therefore moved their *Honors* to adjourn. For

my own part I did not believe the charge—at any rate to the extent thus boldly made ; and I thought the object of my free spoken friend was, by the aid of a little confusion, to retire from the field with his cause untried and his honor untouched. The matter passed off as a good joke—the Court actually adjourning—and the story is perhaps yet preserved among the judicial traditions of Wood County in Western Virginia. I give the name of the place, lest some of your chivalric readers of the Ancient Dominion should suppose that such a fact could only have happened in the *barbarous* country north of the Ohio. This same country was also the residence of Colonel P*****.

I have deeply regretted to learn by the public journals, that one of the judges of that period, well known to the Bench and Bar and public of Ohio, has been lately cut off in the midst of his usefulness. He has left few more pleasant companions behind him. Called young to a judicial station, he brought to it great quickness of perception, much firmness of character and unquestioned integrity, together with a moderate knowledge of his profession. But he had great wit and the most imperturbable good humor ; and although so much of a hypochondriac, that he always carried a traveling apothecary's shop with him, he found causes of merriment in almost all that happened. It was impossible to be sad in his presence, and the first President of the third judicial circuit of Ohio, under the Constitution, was equally esteemed as a judge, as a man, and as a companion.

“ A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never knew withal !”

Although one of the remains of that period of *foreign* adventures, I am far enough separated from it, and from the scenes of their occurrence, by time and space, to speak of the actors without the charge of vanity or prejudice; and after having since surveyed life in the four quarters of the globe, I am free to declare, that in all the essential qualities of head and heart, the Bar of Ohio, between 1800 and 1812, presented in many of its members the best specimens of human nature.

But my business is with the exiled princes of the house of Bourbon, and not with reminiscences of legal life in the West—though the eccentricities of Judge Brackenridge have thrown me back upon events long since passed. While the King was at Pittsburg, an amusing incident happened, which was connected with one of our countrymen, who subsequently acquired much distinction for the enterprise and military qualities he displayed, in conducting an expedition from Egypt to Derne, to coöperate with our naval forces in an attack upon that city. This was General Eaton, who, taking his seat one morning at the breakfast table, where were assembled the King and his brothers, and the boarders of the house, called a female servant to him, and said, with a loud voice: “You gave me a d—— dirty room, and a d—— dirty bed, last night.” The landlord who had heard the observation, or to whom it was repeated, immediately made his appearance, and walking up to General Eaton, said: “You have had a d—— dirty room, and a d—— dirty bed, and as I keep a d—— dirty house, you will walk out of it.” And out of it he was indeed compelled to go.

From Pittsburg the party traveled to Erie, and thence down the lake shore to Buffalo.

raugus they found a band of Seneca Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality; for there were then few habitations but Indian wigwams upon the borders of our internal seas, and still fewer vessels, except birch canoes, which sailed over their waves. Among this band was an old woman, taken prisoner many a long year before, and now habituated to her fate and contented with it. She was a native of Germany, and yet retained some recollection of her native language and country; and the faint, though still abiding, feeling which connected her present condition with her past, led her to take an interest in the three young strangers who talked to her in that language and of that country; and she exerted herself to render their short residence among her friends as comfortable as possible. The Chief assured the travelers, that he would be personally responsible for every article they might entrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people, unless this precaution was used. Accordingly everything was deposited with the Chief, saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes, and money. All which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced; but the party had not proceeded far upon their route, when they missed a favorite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles, requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers at the Castle of St. Jean, they were much attached to him. The King immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog, and the Chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in

answer to his representations: "If you had entrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning, but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board; and on his removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

I do not know that the Lacedemonian code of morals, regarding larceny, has been formally adopted by any of our Indian tribes, but one thing is certain, that from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico very few Indians can be found who will not steal from a white man, when they are not apprehensive of detection, and who are not proud of cheating the Tshin-o-ke-mann.*

The travelers pursued their way to Buffalo, and from there crossed to Fort Erie, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara on the Canadian side, the state of the country on the American side intercepting all direct communication between Buffalo and the Cataract. Going and returning, they slept at Chippewa, since immortalized in our military annals by one of the most brilliant feats of arms which have shed their lustre upon our history.

From Buffalo they proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature, and by paths, rather than roads, which to this day seem to furnish the King with his *beau ideal* of all that is marshy and difficult, and even dangerous in traveling. In one of the worst parts of this worst of roads, they met Mr. Alexander Baring, the present Lord Ashburton, whom the King had known at Philadelphia, where he had married a daughter of Mr. Bingham. Mr. Baring was on a

* The Indian name for a white man.

visit to the Falls of Niagara, and having almost exhausted his patience, at the state of the roads and the difficulties he had encountered, he expressed a doubt whether Niagara itself would furnish an adequate recompense for the fatigue and privation necessary to reach it. Mr. Jefferson, after describing the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, with great beauty and animation, adds, that many a one has lived and died within a short distance of this sublime scene, without ever visiting it. And a similar remark has often been made respecting Niagara, including even, within the circle of insensibility, persons who had heard the noise of the Cataract during many years of their lives. I should not like to vouch for the truth of the latter circumstance, probably introduced to heighten the effect of the picture. Albeit endowed with a reasonable share of curiosity, and having the bump of locomotion pretty well developed, and though I have visited and surveyed, once and again, both of these stupendous works of nature, and have retired with the most powerful emotions, still I must say, that I should have felt all the impatience that Mr. Baring manifested, and probably more. And I am certain that in making such a pilgrimage, to such a distance and under such circumstances, he displayed more enterprise and perseverance than has fallen to any lot. However this may be, the travelers, after a few moments' conversation in the swamp, pursued their respective routes—Mr. Baring telling the King, that he had left an almost impassable road behind him, and the king answering by the comfortable assurance, that Mr. Baring would find no better one before him.

They continued their route to Geneva, where they

procured a boat and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from here they made their way to Tioga Point upon the Susquehannah—each of the travelers carrying his baggage for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. The load was no doubt heavy, and the task laborious, but I am strongly inclined to believe, that the burden which the King now bears—and luckily for his country and for Europe—is more oppressive than the weight which the Duke of Orleans carried through the forest and over the hills of the Susquehannah. From Tioga the party descended the river in a boat to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia.

I have found in a French publication a letter dated from Philadelphia, the 14th of August, 1797, written by Duc de Montpensier to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans, in which he describes the incidents and impressions of this journey. Having ascertained from *the proper* quarter that this letter is a genuine one, I have thought that an extract from it would not be unacceptable, and here it follows:

“I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg, two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, that we finished fifteen days ago. It took us four months. We traveled, during that time, a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly in the *stage*, or public conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for

they love the French. After them, we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. It is a hundred and thirty-seven (French) feet high, and the volume of water is immense, since it is the whole River St. Lawrence, which precipitates itself at this place. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a *gouache* from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work.

"To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef, and corn bread."

On their return to Philadelphia, the brothers found their finances so exhausted, that they could not quit the city during the prevalence of the yellow fever. But their mother, having recovered a part of the property of the family, hastened to send them the necessary resources; and in September they undertook another excursion, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States. They proceeded to New York, and thence by the Sound to Providence and Boston. In this metropolis of New England they remained some time, greatly satisfied with the hospitality and kindness of the inhabitants. The King yet speaks of General Knox, Colonel Pickering, Mr. Otis, and others, whom he met here. They continued their journey, by the way of Newburyport and Portsmouth, to Portland; and

from this last place they returned to Boston, and thence took the route by Hartford, New Haven, and New London, to New York. Governor Clinton, Judge Jay, Colonel Burr, and Colonel Hamilton, appear to have been well known to the King.

While at New York, the brothers learned from the public papers that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country, and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her ; but owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out therefore for Pittsburg on the 10th of December, 1797 ; and upon the road, fatigued with traveling on horseback, they purchased a wagon, and harnessing their horses to it, and placing their luggage within, they continued their route more comfortably. They arrived at Carlisle on Saturday, when the inhabitants of the neighboring country appeared to have entered the town for some purposes of business or pleasure, and drove up to a public house, near which was a trough for the reception of the oats which travelers might be disposed to give to their horses, without putting them into the stable. A quantity of oats was procured by the party and poured into the trough, and the bits were taken from the horses' mouths, to enable them to eat freely. The King took his position in the wagon, looking round him ; when the horses, being suddenly frightened, ran away with

the wagon, which, passing over a stump, was broken, and upset. The King was thrown out, and somewhat injured. In early life, he had luckily been taught a little of every thing ; and among other acquirements, he was able to open a vein quite *surgically*. He is said to carry a lancet with him in all his excursions, and an incident of recent occurrence shows that this precaution is a wise and humane one. I have seen at our Minister's an engraving, presented to him by one of the Royal family, which represents the King in the act of bleeding his courier, who had been thrown from his horse and seriously hurt. The Duke of Orleans is supporting the sufferer, while the King's suite surrounds the groupe—some of them aiding in the operation, and others looking on with much interest depicted in the countenances. Among the latter, Marshal Soult, and General Bernard, heretofore in our service, are easily distinguishable. The ladies of the family occupy the carriage in the back ground, regarding the scene with that solicitude they always manifest when there is any question of human suffering. I do not know how it is with others, but this simple and touching representation moves me more than the immense pictures of Versailles where the canvas has recorded all the military glories of France.

But to return to Carlisle and the wanderers. The King immediately perceived that his situation required he should be bled ; and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with everything he required ; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of

blood. The circumstances, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveler, and still more from the extraordinary occurrence of auto-phlebotomy ; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. About this period, the New England States were sending out those swarms of emigrants to Ohio, who went to lay down the forests before them, and to build up their fortunes in the West. The King speaks English as well as an American or an Englishman, and no accent would betray that he was a Frenchman. It is probable, the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor, going to the West to establish himself, and to vend medical skill and galenicals. Apparently well satisfied with the surgical ability which the new Esculapius had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him, that his prospect of success would be much more favorable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. They purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice ; and with much labor and difficulty transported it to the point, and there embarked, with three persons to aid them in their navigation, and descended the Ohio. Before arriving at Wheeling, the river became entirely obstructed by the ice, and they were compelled to land and remain some days. They found Major F*****, an officer of the army, charged with dispatches for the posts below, detained at the same place. On examining the river from the neighboring hills, they ascertained that the

region of ice extended only about three miles, and kept themselves prepared to take advantage of the first opening which should appear. This soon came, and they passed through, and continued their voyage ; but Major F*****, who had not been equally alert, missed the opportunity, and remained blockaded. He did not reach the lower part of the river till three weeks after our travelers. He merited, if not the same reward, one of the same kind, as that which was suggested for his commander, General Wilkinson, when this officer was dispatched by General Gates to carry to Congress the news of the capitulation of Saratoga ; and who loitered upon the way, till the whole country had learned the event, and till Congress had lost itself in conjectures, wondering that the General had not transmitted the official report of his success. When the tardy messenger arrived, there was a question of conferring upon him a reward, agreeably to the established usage. In the discussion a shrewd member proposed to decree him a pair of leaden spurs. Major F***** might have claimed a leaden paddle.

At Marietta, the party stopped and landed ; and from a circumstance connected with the King's recollection of this town, it may not be out of place to allude to the faculty of memory which he possesses in a most extraordinary degree. I have heard, from many persons entitled to all credit, instances of the exercise of this power to an extent rarely to be found in life. You have remarked, in the course of this narrative, the names of the various places which the King visited, and of the many persons with whom he was brought into contact. Recollect, that these journeys were performed forty years ago, and that many of these towns

had been then recently laid out, and consisted only of a few cabins. Recollect also, that some of the persons whose names are here given were without any particular claims to remembrance ; and add to these facts, that you have not a tithe of the names of men and places which the King has preserved in his recollections of our country ; and then consider, what the gentleman from whom I had these anecdotes has assured me of, that in recounting what he had seen and done in the United States, the King never hesitated a moment, but spoke with as much accuracy as if he had had a written memorandum before him. And when, among other questions, he asked the King : “ At what time did you arrive at Hamburg ? ”—and he answered : “ On the 24th of September, 1796, on board the ‘ American,’ Captain Ewing, and I was twenty-seven days on the passage,”—my informant confesses he listened with surprise. I have heard, from a perfectly authentic source, another anecdote proving the same power. Mr. Hughes, our Chargé at Stockholm, was presented to the King in July last. The application for this purpose was made by the Minister in the usual way in a letter to the proper officer. The King, of course, knew only that Mr. Hughes, the American Chargé in Sweden, was about to be presented to him. As our Minister, followed by Mr. Hughes, entered the door of the saloon of reception, the King met them, and after exchanging a few words with the former, he said : “ I am very glad to see you, Mr. Hughes, but I regret to learn that my friend General Smith is dead.” The Minister, though he knew Mr. Hughes was the son-in-law of General Smith, was yet utterly at a loss to conjecture, by what association the name

of the worthy veteran was recalled at that moment, never presuming that the connection could be known to the King. But, on retiring, the mystery was disclosed, and the power of the King's memory exhibited, by the explanation of Mr. Hughes; who stated, that at the Palais Royal, nine years before, when the King was Duke of Orleans, he had been presented to him, and had then told him he was the son-in-law of General Smith. And during those nine years, what events had not happened to the King, to drive such a circumstance from his recollection !

The King once asked my informant, if he was ever in Marietta. As it happened, this gentleman had spent some years in the early part of his life there, and was able to answer in the affirmative. "And did you know," said the King, "a French baker there, named Thiery?" This gentleman knew him perfectly well, and so answered the inquiry. "Well," said the King, "I once ran away with him,"—and then proceeded to explain, that in descending the Ohio he had stopped at Marietta, and gone into the town in search of bread. He was referred to this same Mr. Thiery; and the baker, not having a stock on hand, set himself to work to heat his oven in order to supply the applicant. While this process was going on, the King walked over the town, and visited the interesting ancient remains which are to be found in the western part of it, near the banks of the Muskingum, and whose history and objects have given rise to such various and unsatisfactory speculations. The King took a sketch of some of these works, which are indeed among the most extensive of their class that are to be found in the vast basin of the Mississippi. On his return, he found the

ice in the Muskingum upon the point of breaking up, and Mr. Thiery so late in his operations, that he had barely time to leap into the boat, with the bread, before they were compelled to leave the shore, that they might precede the mass of ice which was entering the Ohio. Their French friend bore his misfortune like a philosopher ; and though he mourned over the supposed grief of his faithful wife, he still urged the rowers to exert themselves, in order to place his young countrymen beyond the chance of injury. They were finally successful, and after some time the good old man was taken ashore by a canoe which they hailed, well satisfied with his expedition. The travelers continued their voyage, and met but with one sinister accident. By the inattention of the helmsman the boat struck a tree and stove in her bows. All the crew, princes and hired men, went to work, and after twenty-four hours the damages were repaired, and they reached New Orleans in safety, on the 17th of February, 1798.

From this city they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana ; and upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate, under French colors. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be known and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that the visiter was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the House of Orleans. confidence was restored, and the Captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction, and then conducted them to Havana.

But before the King left the American ship, he witnessed one of those scenes of lawless violence which

marked our maritime history for many years, and in which public law and private liberty were equally sacrificed. The crew was mustered upon deck, and the British officer impressed as many of them as he pleased, and took them on board his frigate, to fight against their own country, or any other, as the interest of England, or the orders of their officers, might require. It is not the least strange, of all the strange events which have occurred in these days of change, that a young man, a passenger on board an American ship, and who was brought by circumstances into contact with the practical operation of the claim, on the part of Great Britain, to take from our vessels any persons sailing under our flag, should have been called upon many years after by the English Government, when upon the throne of France, to disavow the forcible abduction of a person from an English vessel. But this time, in the language of the homely apologue, it was the other ox that was gored.

The discussions in the British Parliament upon this subject possess sufficient interest to be adverted to, particularly as their full bearing upon this question of impressment seems not to have attracted the notice it is justly entitled to. During the French naval operations before the port of Vera Cruz, an English packet ship, leaving the harbor, was boarded by an officer from the blockading squadron, and a Mexican pilot taken from her. This act of illegal violence excited a great sensation in England, and led to warm discussions in Parliament. Upon the representations of the English government, it was promptly disavowed by that of France. To those who recollect with what pertinacity a similar right, with respect to our vessels, was so long

claimed and exercised by the British authorities, the remarks I shall quote, and which were made by some of the most distinguished statesmen of England, will present one of the most extraordinary chapters in the whole history of human inconsistency.

In both Houses of Parliament there was the same burst of patriotic indignation. Not a voice was raised in favor of the old doctrine, but all coincided in the sentiment that the act was a gross outrage, and that the British flag was equally a protection for all sailing under it, whether in public or private vessels. I shall quote from the journals of the day.

Lord Lyndhurst said,—“The pilot had come on board under the protection of the British flag, looking to that flag as a protection, but in this instance it was no protection. A more grave, a more serious outrage or insult was never committed against this country.”

Lord Ellenborough said,—“That no French officer had a right to board a British merchantman, and take a man from her in any part of the world.”

Lord Brougham said,—“Any man on board a British merchantman is as much under the protection of the Queen’s flag, as if he was on board the Queen’s ship. And there is no difference, if a man be taken from a merchantman or a Queen’s ship, if it be an English vessel.”

Sir Robert Peel said,—“That, if for no other purpose, yet he hoped for that of preventing the principles of international law from being unsettled by any rash or unwarrantable act, and to prevent the enormous evils which must ensue if the British flag or any other neutral flag were not considered a safe protection to those who sail under it—occupied for instance in de-

livering the ship from peril in the capacity of pilots—all the circumstances of this transaction would remain upon record."

Sir J. Graham,—“If the officer gave up his pilot, without striking his colors before a superior force, the proper course would be to put him on his trial.”

Lord Brougham, on another day, said,—“That the gravamen of the charge was, not that a man had been taken, but that he had been taken from an English ship.”

The Duke of Wellington and other speakers expressed their general concurrence in these sentiments.

I am fully alive to the value of the most friendly connection between our country and the land of our forefathers, and I, for one, should be prepared, in case of necessity, to make any reasonable sacrifices to preserve it. There are a thousand causes, social and political, bearing upon the past, the present, and the future, which give to these relations a character of great interest and gravity. The present condition of the British Islands, presents, in my estimation, not only a political problem of the highest importance, but a moral phenomenon without a parallel in the history of the world. Occupying only the fourth place among European nations in the scale of population, which is necessarily the first permanent element of power—pressed by a debt whose interest requires more than one half of the public revenue—divided by internal questions of polity, discussed with the greatest vehemence, and bearing upon the fundamental institutions of the country—possessed of a laboring class always scantily paid and supplied, and frequently without work or provisions—and having, in at least a third part of

the Metropolitan Empire, a people of a different religious faith, and always liable to be excited by the course of measures which ages of bad government have heretofore entailed upon them—the British nation has reached an elevation of moral and political power, high enough to satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious or the most patriotic,—an elevation which contrasts powerfully with the partly historical and partly prophetic denunciation of Mr. Jefferson, in his beautiful “Notes upon Virginia,” published immediately after the close of our Revolution, and before the feelings to which it gave birth had subsided into calmness and impartiality. “Her philosophy,” said this patriotic and able statesman, “has crossed the Channel, and her freedom the Atlantic, and herself seems fast approaching that awful dissolution whose results it is not given to human foresight to scan.” I quote this striking sentiment from memory, the original passage not being within my reach, but its indignant bearing was so forcibly impressed upon my memory in early youth, that I run small risk of perverting its meaning. After believing, for many years, that the French had abstracted from England all her philosophy and we all her freedom, and that her period of declension had commenced, I have learned to look upon her condition with a truer judgment, and to form a humbler estimate of human penetration. I have learned that she has much sound philosophy, and much rational freedom; and I trust that gradual meliorations in her institutions will evince the power of the former, and will augment the latter; and I leave all speculations upon her fall to rasher or wiser observers than I am—contenting myself with hoping that any sinister predictions may prove as

fallacious for the future, as they have been for the past

But there are points of contact between the United States and Great Britain, which will require careful wisdom and forbearance to avoid ; and there is none more certain to produce the most disastrous consequences, than the practical renewal of some of those lawless maritime claims which the two great belligerents, that so long disturbed the peace of the world, asserted and enforced with a pertinacity of purpose, and contempt of public right, which distinguished that remarkable period of modern history. I do not know whether we may consider it characteristic of our times, and the necessary result of the rapidity with which great events succeed one another, but so it is, that the recollection, if not the knowledge, of many circumstances important to a just appreciation of the profligate conduct—it deserves no milder term—of the two great belligerent powers towards us, has almost disappeared from the existing generation.

Many incidents of daily occurrence sufficiently evince the truth of this remark. I have scarcely found a single Frenchman who knows, or knowing, would acknowledge, the magnitude and injustice of the warfare which the Imperial Decrees waged upon our commerce. And one may travel from Lille to Marseilles without meeting a single person who appears to have a true conception of the nature of our demand for indemnification for these outrages, which led to the famous treaty of 1831. If you explain in general terms to a well-informed man the ground of our pressing instances for compensation, and, by way of *argumentum ad hominem*, remark, that in a report to the Emperor,

made by the Minister of State, I think in 1811, the amount of those injuries for which it was admitted the French government was responsible was estimated at more than double the sum recognised by the treaty of indemnity—your auditor shrugs his shoulders, and does not believe a word you say,—but, by way of a *silent retort courteous*, he thinks all the harder that republics are ungrateful; and that a clearer proof of this well-established political axiom cannot be found, than in the demand which the United States *trumped up* against France, after the aid they had received from her in the war of the Revolution. For my part, I wonder the treaty was ever negotiated; and after the negotiation I wonder it was executed. And I believe the latter result is in a great degree to be attributed to the good faith and personal influence of the king. But to an illustration of the preceding remarks. I know a fellow countryman here, who had ordered some articles of furniture; but finding, when they were brought, that they were badly made, he declined receiving them. After the usual discussion upon these occasions, the indignant *fabricant*, rising in the majesty of his nationality, exclaimed: “This is very ungenerous treatment after France has given to your country 25,000,000 of francs.”—‘The powers of nature could no farther go!’ I vouch to you for the substantial truth of this anecdote.

I had a conversation recently with Mr. Fry, the well known philanthropist, in which a similar ignorance was manifested respecting this very topic of impressment to which I have adverted. The character of this good man and of his estimable wife are well known, and are so far public property as to exempt any allusion to

them from the charge of indelicacy. They were recently in Paris, engaged, as they always are, in examining the causes and progress of human vice and misery, with the noble object of reclaiming the one, and of alleviating the other. It is a beautiful kind of self-devotion ; but, after all, it seems to me that these traveling crusades are the result of feeling, rather than of reflection ; and perhaps a little *worldly* ambition, an ambition of distinction, mingles with holier sentiments. There are few whose lot has been cast in such happy places, that they cannot find within the immediate circle of their usual labors, and where their usefulness would be the greatest, objects enough of human wretchedness to relieve, without going to the equator or the pole upon pilgrimages of benevolence. I recollect formerly, when surveying in the woods, that after taking sight at a distant object I was compelled to keep my eyes steadily upon it, in order to preserve my line, and this too in utter disregard of what was beneath my feet, at the expense of many a fall, and at the risk of my compass, almost as important to me as my neck. Some of our philanthropists, I am afraid, have in like manner such distant objects before them, upon which their regards are so steadily fixed, that they overlook many a stumbling block which lies across their route. Mr. Fry had discovered the mote in his neighbor's eye, if he had neglected the beam in his own. He had found in the United States evils enough for the care of the philanthropist ; and among other subjects of anxiety, he pointed out the late increase of the slave-trade, and expressed his wonder that our government had not acceded to the proposition of a mutual right of search, which England had offered, and which would tend so

powerfully to check this infamous traffic. After explaining to him, that we were the first nation which had interdicted the use of its flag to this commerce, I told him, that this right of search, or this right of entering our vessels for one purpose, which might lead to another, was a subject to which many years of hard experience had rendered us very sensitive. That for a quarter of a century his government had arrogated the power and had exercised it too, in every ocean, sea, gulf, bay, or creek, on the face of the globe, where an English armed vessel found itself in contact with an unarmed American one, to send on board the latter one of its officers, who mustered the crew, and after saying to whom he pleased, "you are a British subject," carried off with him every one against whom he chose to pronounce this death-knell of personal liberty; and there they remained in a foreign service, till death or a peace came to relieve them. And I recalled to him the cool metaphysics, far surpassing the subtlety of the old Aristotelian school, by which this conduct was defended. Driven to concede that the law of nations did not grant to a belligerent the right to enter a neutral vessel for the purpose of impressment, they happily discovered, that having a right to enter, for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the vessel, or of searching for contraband articles, when once on board for a lawful purpose, they might then look round them with other objects. Without evincing any unreasonable jealousy, I told him I thought we might very properly reject any proposition which would open, with our own consent, our merchant vessels to the English military marine. I might have added, that our true policy was indicated by the Scotch emblem, the thistle, and Scotch

motto, "Noli me tangere"—expressively rendered by "Hands off!"

All this was new to Mr. Fry. He was perfectly conversant with black slavery in the United States, but the slavery of impressment in his own country had apparently scarcely attracted his regard; and certainly its operations upon our citizens, with all its horrors and perils, seemed to be unknown to him.

I trust, hereafter, the doctrine so generally proclaimed by the English statesmen, on the occasion of the seizure of the Mexican pilot, that the flag protects all who sail under it, will regulate the practice of England in her future intercourse with other nations. But should this just expectation fail, then we shall have but one measure to adopt, and that is a prompt and vigorous resistance. If the first man who is impressed from an American vessel be not demanded, with an instant preparation for the vindication of the national honor, and if the question which ought to be put to the British government, asking whether the conduct of its officer is approved, be not answered in the negative, accompanied by a release of the victim, without any of the delays or tergiversations of diplomacy, then if we do not seek the only redress which remains to us, by a declaration of war, and by a vigorous prosecution of it, we shall merit the contumely of the world as surely as we shall receive it.

But I must finish my task by presenting to your readers a few brief sketches of the other members of the royal family.

The Queen was the daughter of that King of Naples who was driven from his continental dominions by the French, and took refuge, with his family and court, in

Sicily. Here the King, Louis Philippe, then poor, and in exile, married her, and the match is understood to have been one of affection on both sides, and never has true affection been better rewarded. The thirtieth anniversary of their union has just expired, and they are at the summit of human power, with a most interesting family of seven children, and, as is known to everybody, with the warmest attachment to each other. In the bitterness of French political discussions—and bitter enough they are indeed—no whisper of calumny has ever been heard against the Queen; and one who could pass through this ordeal has nothing more to dread from human investigation. A kinder and more anxious mother is nowhere to be found; and she is a sincere believer in the Christian religion, and devout in the performance of its duties. Her charity is known throughout the country, and appeals for the distressed are never made to her in vain. In the performance of her regal duties, while her bearing is what the nature of her position requires, there is a kind affability which seems continually seeking to put all around her as much at their ease as possible.

The King's sister, the Princess Adelaide, forms a part of the royal family, and she is said to be one of the most devoted sisters that brother ever possessed. It would seem like panegyric were I to repeat to you the *golden opinions* which this elevated lady has won for herself. In the qualities of head and heart, all who know her award to her the meed of praise. Religious, charitable, exemplary, she is one of those who adorn high places by higher virtues.

A fact very honorable to all the parties has been recently mentioned in *Galignani's Messenger*; and as

it contains a tribute to the worth of the King and Queen, I will communicate it to you, premising that I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Lord William Bentinck, and that the truth of the anecdote has been asserted to me by *the best* authority.

Lord William Bentinck was a man highly endowed and of great moral worth. During the long struggle, which England maintained with France, he served in the British army, and commanded at one time the auxiliary detachment which was sent to aid the King of Naples in the defence of the island of Sicily. I think he was there when the present King of the French was married. Subsequently he was appointed Governor General of India, and it was upon this occasion that appeared that splendid eulogium emanating from the genius of Lord Brougham, and which made a part of the history of the times—"a clearer head or sounder heart never went to India."

This gentleman was attacked in Paris with a violent disorder during the course of the last spring, which finally terminated in his death. Immediately before this fatal consummation, and in view of that event, he felt anxious to leave a written testimonial of his respect for the King and Queen, whom he had so long known. He wrote under these circumstances this dying sentiment—that he hoped the King and Queen would long live, he to govern France with wisdom, and to consolidate her institutions, and she to furnish to her countrywomen a pattern of female virtues for their example.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the King, and the heir of the monarchy, is now about twenty-nine years of age. He is a young man above the mid-

dle stature, and of rather a slender form. But he is well made, and with a symmetrical figure, and he is one of the most graceful men I have ever seen. His countenance is remarkably handsome, and there is something very prepossessing in his whole appearance. He speaks English with great ease and fluency, and with very little foreign accent. In conversation he is ready and unassuming, evincing the general knowledge of a well educated man of the world. Having no direct constitutional position with reference to the administration of the government, he has evidently kept himself aside from the course of its operations, committing himself with none of the parties which are contending with each other for power. In all this, he displays great judgment and a profound knowledge of his countrymen. Every reader must recollect the dissensions which have existed in the English royal family, ever since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne, and the disastrous effect which these have produced upon the parties themselves, as well as upon the public men and measures. And similar scenes of internal discord have too often existed in other reigning families of Europe, where the ambition of the prince has overpowered the duties of the son, and a deplorable spectacle of filial disobedience, and sometimes of parental harshness, has been offered to the public curiosity. But this state of feeling is unknown in the family of Louis Philippe. The heir of the throne has no wish to pluck the crown from the brows of the father. I believe he may say in all security as the conqueror of Agincourt said to his father :

—“ There is your crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours !”

There is no political *coterie* round the Prince Royal, seeking by present opposition to lay the foundation of future power. The whole family seems united in the bonds of common affection, and the example they thus offer is as refreshing to the philanthropist as it is useful to the country.

The Duke of Orleans has just returned from a long tour through the southwestern and southern Departments of the kingdom to the French African possessions, and thence by Marseilles and Lyons to Paris. It is quite evident that the incidents of this journey have attracted public attention in an extraordinary degree; and that the whole conduct of the Duke of Orleans has been marked by great wisdom, and has drawn upon him the most unequivocal proofs of general approbation. He seems to have thrown himself upon the country, freely placing himself, wherever he traveled, in contact with the whole community, receiving all, hearing all, and answering all. I cannot conceive a ruder trial to which the pretensions of a public man can be exposed, than is offered by the incidents of such a journey. Sumptuous receptions, civil and military, are everywhere prepared for him, and he must perform the principal part in a splendid pageant which meets him at every step of his progress. Then he must receive and answer all the addresses presented to him by public bodies and authorities, and by the various corporations of the trades which abound in France. And these do not appear to have been considered by their authors as mere testimonials of respect, but they contain substantial allegations, enumerating the griefs which press upon each, and generally asking the favorable interposition of the Prince for their considera-

tion. Sometimes it is the operation of a general law which is condemned or invoked. Sometimes it is a local improvement deemed essential to the prosperity of a certain place. Sometimes it is a point of administration to which circumstances give particular importance. And to all these are to be added the numerous applications of individuals, each with rights to demand, or favors to request, or with wrongs to be redressed. And then come the military and ecclesiastical authorities, with their congratulations, and the latter sometimes with their representations. And out of this the Prince has issued not merely untouched, but with a general and decided conviction that he has born himself like a man of great tact and sagacity, and who will hereafter assume his position at the head of the state with the fairest prospects of future usefulness. I have read most of the Prince's answers, and I have been powerfully impressed with the great good sense, and knowledge of the world and of the subjects discussed, which they exhibit.

We have a countryman at Bordeaux, a respectable and intelligent man, Mr. Morton, highly esteemed by all his acquaintances, who had lived many years in France, and is perfectly conversant with its manners and language. He informed me that the effect of the Prince's visit to that city was visible and powerful, and that he had conciliated the good will of all who had approached him. He told me he had watched his whole conduct, and that it could not have been more discreet. And that his answers to the various addresses were not only happy, but many of them certainly delivered without premeditation.

The Duke of Orleans is in the army, and at the

siege of Antwerp displayed that courage which seems to be the patrimony of his family. In Africa he commanded a portion of the army which has so recently and successfully carried the French arms beyond the difficult passes called the Iron Gates, which offered a barrier that Roman power could not pass. His return has been a triumphal procession.

The Duchess of Orleans is a Princess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, and she has brought to her high station qualities eminently fitted to adorn it. She is tall, with a singularly expressive and attractive countenance, and a general deportment at once dignified and easy. Though she came to France a stranger and a Protestant, yet she has conducted herself with such exemplary propriety that all tongues are loud in her praise, and her husband is considered equally fortunate as a Prince and as a man, in the choice he has made.

The Duchess is well versed in English literature; and on one occasion evincing to an American gentleman a wish to read the novels of Cooper, he asked her permission to lend them. They were returned shortly after, with a note written by a lady of the Court in the name of the Duchess, expressive of her gratification at their perusal, and conceived in terms so flattering that I should be afraid to repeat them lest I might wound the just susceptibility of our eminent novelist.

And while alluding to this circumstance, I am tempted to mention another anecdote I have heard, showing the very general knowledge of foreign literature possessed by the younger members of this family. One of our countrymen was dining at the royal table, and was seated next to the Princess Clémentine. Some conversation arose, in the course of which the

characters and incidents of several of the American travels were mentioned, and a point connected with them was stated, which our countryman was unable to resolve. The youngest son but one, just approaching manhood, was sitting on the other side of his sister; and hearing the debateable point at which the interlocutors had stopped, immediately took up the subject, and displayed a very accurate acquaintance with it, explained to the American a question connected with the literature of his own country which he had found himself unable to answer.

The four younger sons of the King are the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier. The first is in the army, and has already given proofs of conduct and courage which have drawn upon him the applause of his fellow-citizens, and excited their hopes. His personal bearing at the storming of Constantine is said to have been remarkable for self-possession and intrepidity. He is a young man with light hair and light complexion, slim and apparently slender in his form, but with a handsome face and polished manners; and these advantages are set off by a modesty of deportment which in any station of society, and at his time of life, would be highly creditable, and which is still more so in the position that he occupies. Those who know him speak very favorably of his endowments, and he has participated in that careful education which the King has deemed essential for all his children—an education not conducted in the seclusion of the domestic circle, but entrusted to the public institutions of the country, where all these young men have been brought into contact with youths of their own age, and where their

faculties have been strengthened, and their minds disciplined, by the competition of their companions, and by the regulations of these establishments.

The Prince de Joinville is a Captain in the navy, and is now in command of a frigate in the East. You have seen him in the United States, and I need, therefore, only say, that his subsequent conduct at Vera Cruz has confirmed the impression which his unpretending manners and his previous deportment had produced. There are very few feats in modern war which are more creditable to the assailants, in military point of view, than that attack ; and the Prince de Joinville bore his part in it with the greatest courage, and distinguished himself by the reckless disregard which he exhibited for his life in the perilous circumstances where his ardor led him.

The two remaining sons of the King are yet so young that it would not be proper to attempt to give any sketch of their characters or endowments. They are fine-looking young men, with expressive countenances, and very prepossessing appearance ; and I have already mentioned an instance which has shown the general information possessed by at least one of them. They are said to be both destined for the army.

While I am writing, the King has again placed himself in one of those public processions, which custom renders necessary, and in which his life has so often been exposed to the stroke of the assassin. But this time, thanks to the precautions and vigilance of the police, or to the relaxation of political fanaticism, he has passed safely from his palace to the Chamber of Deputies, and returned, without the occurrence of one of those

events which have heretofore marked the appearance of the monarch in the streets of the capital upon occasions previously designated for royal processions. But there was an imposing display of force ; and the weather was boisterous and rainy—the latter circumstance being almost as efficient as the former, in preventing or repressing political movements in France. An incipient *émeute* was checked by the deceased Marshal Lobau in a manner equally humane and ludicrous. Instead of a battery of cannon, he caused the *Sapeurs-Pompiers*, who compose a corps with a military organization, but who are in fact firemen, to open a battery of water from their engines upon the assembled crowd, which cooled immediately their bellicose ardor, and stopped the progress of the tumult.

The palace of the Tuileries is on the north side of the Seine, and a short distance above the Chamber of Deputies, which is upon the opposite bank of the river. From one of these buildings to the other a hedge of soldiers, as a double line is technically called, is formed, having the National Guards on one side, and the troops of the line on the other. Between these move the King and his cortège, and all approach is interdicted, except to certain privileged persons, French or foreign. The route, after passing under the arch of the palace, follows the right bank of the river, shut in by the high wall of the gardens of the Tuileries on one side, and by the stone parapet which borders the Seine on the other, to the Place de la Concorde, formerly the Place Louis Quinze,—afterwards the Place de la Revolution, and still later the Place Louis XVI., and destined perhaps to change its name, even before its embellishments are completed. It is said to be the most magni-

ficient square in Europe. Taste and wealth have combined to plan and to execute its decorations. It is bounded on one side by the river, and on the opposite by a range of beautiful buildings, ornamented with arcades and columns in front, upon one of which, occupied by the Marine Department, is the Telegraph, that stationary messenger which communicates orders, and receives information, to and from every part of the kingdom, with a celerity that almost annihilates the intervening space. The opposite sides of the square are open, one looking upon the Champs Elysées, and the other upon the garden of the Tuileries. The centre is intersected by two large avenues, and the vista which each of these presents is truly magnificent. The palace of the Tuileries terminates one view, and the eye, after passing along an avenue of trees, rests upon the central pavilion, rising like a tower above the main body of the building, and surmounted by the tricolored flag—to the French nation, the pledge of future victories, as it is a memorial of the past. The prospect in the other direction, at the distance of almost a mile, is shut in by the Arch of Triumph, commenced under Napoleon, and finished under Louis Philippe. It is copied from that class of monuments, commemorative of military glory, which yet survive the desolation of ancient Rome, such as the Arch of Septimius, and of Constantine; and which, while they convey to future eyes the memory of the great feats they record in almost living sculpture, are among the noblest embellishments with which a capital can be adorned. And though I have gazed with interest upon the chiselled stories of the military glories of the Eternal City, yet freshly told upon these indestructible records, and have

yielded to the emotions which their association with the past cannot fail to inspire, upon the spot where they were erected, and yet survive—still I have contemplated the Arch of Triumph, dedicated by the City of Paris to the military glories of the Revolution, with a livelier feeling, because the events and the names it records are better known to me, and surpass in moral effect and in renown even the great feats inscribed upon the Roman monuments.

This work is an immense column of stone, with a base perhaps of a hundred and fifty feet by eighty, and pierced by two transversal arches. Within and without, it is covered by carvings wrought with the chisel, all highly finished, some allegorical, and others representing triumphal processions; and besides these more prominent representations, there are the names of all the remarkable battles of the Revolution, and of the distinguished men whose memory is associated with them,—all but the Great Captain himself; and this omission is in good taste, for he needs no other memorial than the history of his life and actions.

Crossing the great avenue of Champs Elysées, in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, is a wide street terminated at one end by the Church of the Madeleine, and at the other by the Chamber of Deputies, to which it leads over one of the magnificent bridges thrown across the Seine. This church is among the most splendid structures of modern times. It was commenced under the reign of Louis XV., and three-quarters of a century have been employed in its construction. Originally intended for a parish church, it underwent, in its destination, the same fluctuations which during many years marked the character of the institutions of

France ; but it is finally devoted to religious worship, to which I presume it will ere long be delivered.

This edifice is in the form of a Roman temple, surrounded by a portico of columns of the Corinthian order, springing from a basement elevated eight feet above the pavement of the street. The whole work, internal and external, is finished in the most exquisite manner ; and so just are its proportions, that its true magnitude is only revealed to the spectator when he can compare one of its immense portions with some well-known object ; when he sees a solitary visitor, wandering upon the basement, and passing behind one of the huge columns which give such an imposing grandeur to the edifice.

The tympanum of the pediment is admirably sculptured, representing the Last Judgment. Our Savior is the principal figure, occupying the centre of the group, having on his right hand the righteous, and on his left the wicked, with ministering angels for justice and for mercy, and exhibiting the broken tombs which have given up their dead. But, without the slightest pretension to speak authoritatively upon a question of taste, and judging only by the effect which similar works, both of the pencil and the chisel, have produced upon me, I consider every effort to embody upon canvas or in stone the invisible objects of the Scriptures, or the allegories of the Pagan world, as a signal failure. They are subjects which should be left to faith and to the imagination ; and which no artist can represent without exhibiting some incongruity, destroying at once all illusion, and leaving a painful impression upon the mind.

The Chamber of Deputies was formerly the palace

of the Condé family, which has been prepared by successive changes for the purpose to which it is now appropriated. Its superb portico renders it a striking object from the Place de la Concorde; but instead of being an accessory, it is in fact the principal structure, a head out of just proportion to the body which supports it. The Legislative Chamber bears much resemblance to the Hall of our House of Representatives. It is somewhat smaller, and with the same acoustic defect in its organization, so that there is an indistinct prolongation of the sound, which renders it difficult to hear the speaker. The form is semicircular, and the President's chair occupies the chord, while the seats of the members are arranged in front with a gradual elevation towards the rear, and separated by alleys radiating from the central point. The gallery is divided into *loges* or boxes, and entrance to it cannot be obtained without a ticket, which it is often difficult to procure.

In the centre of the Place de la Concorde rises the obelisk of Luxor, presented by the Pacha of Egypt to the government of France, and transported from the banks of the Nile to the Seine. Like the other monuments of this description, it is a single pillar of reddish granite, and its four sides are carved with hieroglyphical figures and with the representations of various animals, in the severe style which characterizes this school. Notwithstanding the hopes which have been held out of decyphering these imperishable records of a remote age, I doubt whether we ever shall succeed in revealing their hidden meaning. There is something so seductive in the expectation of piercing the darkness which rests upon the early Egyptian history, and of reading the life and actions of the Pharaohs upon their

own monuments, that enthusiastic men have suffered themselves to be led away, probably far beyond the limits of possible discovery. Still, however, these venerable relics are highly interesting ; and though devoid of all ornament in their construction, and covered with sealed characters, they are perhaps the most impressive legacies which ancient art has bequeathed to us.

Upon the site where this obelisk has been erected stood the guillotine, during that terrible period of the Revolution when the accusation, the judgment, and the execution, of a suspected person, were almost simultaneous acts. Here the last king of the old monarchy expiated the faults of his predecessors, rather than his own, and died with the fortitude inspired by religious faith, after having exhibited during his life the virtues of a man, rather than the qualities of a sovereign.

Around the Place de la Concorde are pavilions of wrought stone, each crowned by a colossal female statue, dedicated to one of the principal cities of the kingdom. There are two circular rows of gas lights, the external issuing from bronze naval columns, highly decorated, and profusely gilt, and the internal from pillars smaller and more simple, but adorned in the same manner. During the night, when all these *reverberatories* are lighted, a brilliant day reigns upon the Place, and the whole effect resembles the gorgeous descriptions in which eastern imaginations love to revel, rather than the comparative simplicity of European architecture. The carriage-ways are paved, but all the rest of the surface is covered, with that beautiful bitumen so admirably adapted to foot passengers.

There are two fountains enclosed by stone parapets,

with groups, in bronze, of Neptunes, Tritons, and Naiads, and all the other aquatic powers which the heathen mythology has transmitted to us, each bearing an appropriate instrument for pouring out the water. The whole work is not yet completed, but when the water is put into motion, the gods and goddesses will form a very respectable cataract.

Passing over a portion of the Place de la Concorde, the King with his suite crosses the bridge which unites it to the opposite bank, and reaches the Chamber of Deputies. His departure from the Tuileries is announced by the firing of the cannon of the Invalides ; and their discharges continue at intervals till the procession stops.

At this moment the aspect in the interior of the Legislative Hall is at once interesting and imposing. The usual seat of the President has disappeared, and given place to a magnificent *estrade*, or kind of stage, raised eight or nine feet above the floor of the room. This is covered with a carpet, and upon it are placed five ornamented seats, the centre one for the King, being a splendid gilt arm-chair, and two on the right and two on the left, for his sons, being rich *plians*, or stools without backs or arms. A magnificent canopy of red velvet surmounts this stage, beautifully decorated with tri-colored flags and with national emblems. On a seat immediately in front, but lower and facing the members, sit the Cabinet Ministers, who are now divided among nine departments. These are, the Foreign Affairs, Grace and Justice, (the Minister of which is also the Keeper of the Seals,) the Marine, the Finances, the Interior, War, Public Works, Public Instruction, and Commerce and Agriculture. Among the

Ministers, Marshal Soult arrests the attention of the observer, as well by his military renown, as by his striking appearance, indicative of firmness and of long and perilous service. He was wounded in the leg at the siege of Genoa, which has bent the limb, and rendered him somewhat lame. But he appears to be quite vigorous, and moves with much activity. There is something to me very interesting in his countenance, expressive of great benevolence, as well as of great character. The seal of history has stamped his fame as a warrior, and his military deeds belong to an age which has passed. He occupies in the estimation of his countrymen the next rank to Napoleon, and he has won his way to this distinction by a long life of services and perils. But he has other claims to regard. He has great natural sagacity and acuteness, and a career of half a century of exertion and observation has supplied any defects of a more early education. He is exceedingly well informed upon all topics presented to him for consideration, and I understand from those who are brought into contact with him, that they find him frank, ready, and displaying much general knowledge. I witnessed an incident, last week, which exhibits the feelings of the Army towards this "*Old Glory*" of France. It was at the funeral of Admiral Truget, whose house was opposite to the one I inhabit, so that from my window I looked down upon the door whence the procession issued. The deceased Admiral was the second officer of the navy, and had distinguished himself by honorable services and by an irreproachable character, in a long career which continued three-fourths of a century. He had a peculiar claim to the regard of Americans, for he served with the French

forces in the United States during the war of our Revolution, and was wounded at the siege of Savannah, where he saved the life of Count d'Estaing.

Under the Directory, he was Minister of Marine, and I have heard Sir Sidney Smith say, he filled that station when he (Sir Sidney) was confined in the Tower of the Temple. In our latter days of peace, these two old sailors, who had made war upon every sea, were living as very good neighbors, separated only by a partition wall.

The funeral of the Admiral was very impressive. The body was carried in an ornamented black car, followed by two persons bearing his *bâton* and coronet upon cushions, and by the mourners of the family. The military display was striking. Long columns of soldiers, on horseback and on foot, in full uniform, preceded and succeeded the hearse ; and numerous carriages, of the King and of the eminent men of the country, completed the funeral cortège. You may judge of the effect when I tell you, that more than one hundred musicians played solemn dirges, as this interesting procession passed along the wide Boulevards of Paris. And thus he was carried to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, and laid in his last dwelling, where high and low, the chief and the follower, equally find their final resting place.

While the procession was passing the front of the house where the deceased Admiral had lived, I observed Marshal Soult at the door, waiting for his carriage. Some accident had delayed it, and he was thus kept a few minutes upon the pavement, while the soldiers were passing in front, and almost in contact with him. It was interesting to remark how steadfastly they ga:

upon him. You could see elbow touch elbow, a kind of mystic recognition being thus conveyed from one to another, and every head turned much farther than was compatible with military etiquette, to watch the war-beaten and time-honored veteran. With officers and soldiers, the sentiment was obviously the same ; nor do I believe there was one man, in that moving military mass, who did not feel prouder, as he passed this living memorial of national glory.

Below the Ministers in the Legislative Hall sit the Marshals of France. Of these Marshal Moncey, Duc de Cornegliano, and Marshal Soult, alone remain of the original creation by Napoleon, at the organization of the Empire in 1804. Three others, however, Victor, Duc de Bellune, McDonald, Duc de Tarente, and Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, are Imperial appointments, and the names of all are historically consecrated by great military talents and by high feats of arms. Marmont Duc de Raguse, is self-expatriated, having followed the fortunes of the dethroned family. It is said that Victor partakes the same political sentiments, though he has not deemed it necessary to sacrifice his country to this personal allegiance, which it is so difficult for an American to appreciate. I imagine he never appears in public ceremonies, being kept away by his political opinions, as Marshal Moncey is by his age and infirmities.

The Deputies are dressed in plain clothes, but the Peers wear a uniform costume, which consists of an embroidered coat, white pantaloons, sword, and chapeau. They are all crowded into the seats, at the expense of some personal comfort. As they enter, or pass and repass, they engage in apparently animated

conversation, and it is then interesting to watch M. Guizot, M. Thiers, Count Molé, M. Berryer, M. Lamartine, and the other statesmen whose names are known in both hemispheres. The *loges* are filled with spectators, all carefully dressed, and the ladies are particularly brilliant. After some time, the Diplomatic Corps enter their *loge* in a body, and take their seats, in grand costume, as richly habited as the tailor's art can make them. The Turkish Ambassador, with his frock coat and Fez cap, is a remarkable object in this group, looking as grave and solemn as though he were thinking of the departed glories of turbans and robes and *baboushes*.

Suddenly all eyes are turned toward the royal box, and the simultaneous rising of Peers, Deputies, and spectators, and cries of "*Vive la Reine!*" announce the arrival of the Queen, with the Princesses and the ladies of their families. From this time, conversation is intermitted, or continued in a low tone of voice, while the general attention seems to watch the measured discharges of the cannon, that mark the progress of the royal procession. At this moment an Usher of the Chamber enters, and proclaims with a loud voice, "The King." Instantly the whole assembly rises, and every look is directed to the door. The officer is followed by the great deputations of the two Chambers, which are always elected upon these occasions to receive and precede the King. At their head is the Chancellor of France, Baron Pasquier, dressed in a costume a little fantastic—a relic, I presume, of the olden time, or of the Imperial régime—I should think, from its appearance, of the former. He enters, holding his cap in his hand, and is succeeded by the deputa-

tions, the members of which proceed to take their proper places upon the floor of the hall. Then follow the aides-de-camp, all in full uniform; who ascend the step of the *estrade*, and arrange themselves in the rear of the King and of his sons, where they stand during the ceremony. The King enters immediately after, wearing the uniform of the National Guard; and saluting the assembly, as he passes on, he proceeds to his seat upon the *estrade*. His appearance is hailed by repeated and cheering cries of "Vive le Roi!"—which he acknowledges by bowing to the assembly. He is followed by the Duke of Orleans and by his two youngest sons. They wear the uniforms of their respective grades in the army. The Duc of Nemours is detained at home by sickness, and the Prince de Joinville is in command of a frigate upon the Mediterranean.

After reaching his place, the King requests the assembly to be seated, and he then covers himself with a large chapeau, ornamented with a white feather round the edge, and places himself on the arm-chair. His sons occupy their *plians* at his right and left.

He then reads his speech, with a clear voice, and distinct enunciation. From time to time acclamations arise, when any particular sentiment awakens the enthusiasm of the audience. After this is terminated, the Peers appointed, and the Duputies elected, since the last session, are requested to take the oath before the King. For the Peers the oath is read by the Keeper of the Seals, and for the Deputies of the Interior. Each member, as his name is called, rises, and extending his arm in a horizontal position in front, and with the palm downwards, repeats, "I swear it." The Keep-

er of the Seals then says ; " In the name of the King, we pronounce this Session opened." }

The King, his sons, and his cortége, then retire as they arrive, and the assembly immediately disperse. And thus passes away this pageant.

But another pageant has succeeded, more impressive in its attendant circumstances, and presenting characteristic features which render it peculiarly interesting to an American and a Protestant. Its whole impression upon me has been so new and strange, that you must excuse the digression which a brief description of it will occasion.

The Archbishop of Paris died a few days since, and he now lies at Notre Dame, embalmed, and exposed to the regards of all who may be led to survey this spectacle of mortality, either from motives of piety or of curiosity. Thousands upon thousands have flocked to this venerable Cathedral, within the last three days, to witness the ceremonies to which the exposition of the deceased prelate has given birth. You know this edifice is one of the earliest, as well as one of the noblest, monuments of religious architecture, which the middle ages have bequeathed to modern times. There is to me something very imposing in the aspect of these old gothic temples, with their high pointed windows, their fretted carved work, and the peculiar style of their structure, which seems admirably adapted to the solemnity of religious worship. And then they are time-worn by centuries, and have been the theatres and witnesses of many stirring events, recorded by history, and connected with the progress of human affairs. And you enter them from the business and bustle of a great city, and the transition is as striking as it is instantaneous. The trouble

and confusion of the world are behind you, and silence and solitude around you. And their prodigious extent is in itself almost painful. Man is nothing when compared with his own work—and what is he then, when compared with the works of his Creator ?

On reaching the Cathedral, I found a numerous crowd waiting their turn for admission. This was the third day since the remains of the Archbishop had lain in state, and during all that time a stream of people had poured into the great gates, and moved in procession across the vast nave to the little chapel where was the object of their homage, taken a last look at his pallid face, and retired to give place to their successors. Entering, out of my turn—for had I waited for that I might have wholly missed my object—I followed the crowd along the paved floor to a chapel near the opposite extremity of the building. Here a singular spectacle presented itself.

The chapel was hung with rich purple velvet, fringed with silver lace, and draped and canopied so as to produce the best effect. The floor was covered with the same material. Numerous wax lights were burning, and priests were in attendance performing the proper service.

In the middle of the chapel was a platform, ascended by steps, and elevated four feet above the pavement of the church. This was covered with the same rich velvet, which also hung in festoons above it. And upon this was yet another structure, to which all eyes were directed.

I have told you that the Archbishop had been embalmed, and here he was lying, amid all the pomp of religious worship, to receive the last sad salutations of

the faithful of the diocese. Here was the cold clay, fit companion only for the dead, thus exalted among the living. Here it lay upon the pontifical throne, clad in the episcopal robes, with a mitre upon its head, and a crosier at its feet, and the pastoral ring upon its finger; and while covered with the dignities of this world, a sad and solemn proof that these dignities are passing away.

And one by one, the pilgrims approached the chapel—cast a look upon the dead prelate—made the sign of the cross—and passed on. And night and day, masses had been said, and priests had been praying, and chanters had been singing, and all that could touch the heart or excite the imagination had found its place in this ceremonial. Bracelets and chains, and other ornaments, were lying upon a cushion, and they were taken up from time to time, and were then carried and touched to the dead feet, and after that, I suppose they were returned to the owners, to be kept as relics hallowed by this contact with the remains of the lamented Archbishop.

But let us turn from this solemn ceremonial, devoted to the dead, and pursue our task among the living.

Existing circumstances lead me to advert to one regulation in the constitution of the Chamber of Deputies, which might be profitably adopted in the organization of our House of Representatives, and which certainly would be, if England could furnish a precedent for it. But, unfortunately, and if I may so say, unpatriotically, while we think for ourselves on every other subject which can employ the human intellect, and often with a boldness leaving behind it the cooler suggestions of experience, we seem to be enchained, as it were, by a

necromancer's wand, within the magic circle of English precedents, whenever a legislative or judicial topic arises for consideration. As to seeking information from the opinions and practice of other nations, it is a procedure not to be anticipated. I have never entered the Hall of our House of Representative, when that body was in session, without wishing that the Members of the English House of Commons had never adopted the custom of wearing their hats while in the performance of their duties; for in that event, I am sure no American legislator would have been bold enough to propose this practice, so injurious in its effect upon the dignity of the body, and which gives such an aspect of inattention to its proceedings.*

But to a more important suggestion. We have just learned that three days of the time of the legal session of Congress had passed away, and that the House of Representatives had not been organized. The anomalous position of the Clerk, with respect to the House, occupies a large portion of the discussion, and it seems difficult to define his powers or duties. What a rich field for discussion among a people so prone as we are to push every debateable point to its extreme limit! In the mean time, the farther progress of affairs has been arrested by the questions of the contested elections; and the *how* or *where* of the *dénouement* seems equally to baffle conjecture. I was asked, a day or two since, by a distinguished diplomatist, what was the

* The custom here complained of, as prevailing in our House of Representatives, has been of late years reformed—since the residence abroad of the author of these pages, and an entire personal decorum, so far as regards such observances, now prevails in that Hall.

meaning of the term "*Loco-Foco*" in our party politics. How, thought I to myself, is it possible that so local an epithet has traveled so far! But on my return home, the difficulty was solved, and I found that the *Journal des Débats*, that most unfair of all the periodicals of France, upon every topic connected with our country, had been reading its patrons a homily upon the critical condition of the United States, and upon the approaching downfall of its liberties. The temporary delay in the organization of the House had furnished the text, and the imagination and ill feeling of the writer had supplied the commentary. And truly he had manufactured a most respectable 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones' out of these little words, "*Loco-Foco*," frightful enough to terrify every friend of liberal opinions in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The importance attached in Europe to the annual Message of the President is not sufficiently estimated in the United States. It is a document which is anticipated with great anxiety and read with great interest. Steam is destroying space, and our country is advancing in wealth, power, and improvement, and its relations with the older nations are multiplying so rapidly, that a general desire is manifested to learn its progress and prospects—with some, in the hope that its career of political prosperity is approaching its termination; and with others in the hope, equally sincere, and far more liberal, that our experiment, as they term it, may be successful.

Under these circumstances the history of the proceedings of the first three days in the House of Representatives has been read with deep interest; and I suppose it is still traveling onwards to teach the inhabit-

ants of Siberia the danger of that worst of all evils, the evil of self-government. It is singular enough, that just at this time last year the intelligence to which I have already adverted, respecting the difficulty in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, reached here ; and the circumstances with which that occurrence was invested, seemed, to an European, to give to it a peculiar character of gravity. But a similar state of things at Washington would arrest the attention of all Europe ; and already the indications which have reached us are regarded as the flying clouds which precede and betoken the storm. I have learned, that at the annual diplomatic presentations, which took place a day or two since, the King remarked to our Minister, that the President's Message had not yet arrived, and asked him the state of the question connected with the contested election ; observing, with great good taste and good feeling, in allusion probably to the conversation of the preceding year, that he did not believe any force would be called in to adjust it, but that it would be decided agreeably to the forms of the Constitution. A person who heard the conversation informed me, that the Minister remarked, very much as he did on the former occasion, that in looking back upon our history it would be found that the suggestion of the King was fortified by numerous examples. That in the progress of our institutions, many questions had arisen, and had excited much warmth of feeling and lively discussion ; but that they had all finally been peaceably resolved, and that little was hazarded in the prediction, that we should soon learn, the House of Representatives had completed its organization, and was calmly fulfilling its legislative functions.

But it seems to me, if all our Legislatures would adopt a very simple regulation which prevails at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, much difficulty as well as profitless debate would be avoided—and that is, to require the oldest member to take the chair and preside until a Speaker is elected. Seniority of legislative service might be substituted for that of age, if it should be thought necessary to insure to the presiding officer a competent share of experience. But in one mode or the other, a session would always quietly commence, and perplexing questions would be met by a house duly organized.

Every American who understands the social and political constitution of his country must have little fear of any changes in our institutions resulting from popular violence. This is not a process suited to our modes of feeling and of action. We have much excitement indeed upon all public questions, great and small; but happily this finds ample space for exertion in our elections, in our deliberative bodies, and in our political meetings. In other countries, where these safety-valves are unknown, or are too few, popular excitement manifests itself in violent explosions, which often lead to the most fatal consequences, and become revolutions or rebellions, as the issue favors one party or the other. When inflammatory extracts are copied from our journals into those of Europe, their tendency is judged by the European rules, and we are supposed to be in a continued state of political commotion, and always upon the eve of a political movement. I wish we were more aware at home of the immense importance to the world of the example of self-government which is committed to us. I do not speak of its duration—that I

trust and believe will continue for a long series of years—but of the warmth, and sometimes of the opposition to the laws, with which our political differences are accompanied. And though these give way immediately to calmer reflection and to habits of obedience, and almost always terminate without the effusion of blood, still on this side of the Atlantic the evil is seen, but not its antagonist advantage which insures to us the blessings of a government equally free and secure.

Accident has just brought me into contact with an interesting man, approaching his ninetieth year, but with all the animation, and, I may almost add, the activity, of twenty-five. I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes, when I saw him start from his chair and dance over the room, as lightly as a boy, to give me, in all the gayety of his heart, a specimen of the green old age of a Frenchman. He is a physician, and has been brought by his profession to the acquaintance of many illustrious men, and by his *exalted* feelings to a participation in many of the most stirring events of the Revolution. I seemed to be gazing almost upon the Wandering Jew, when I heard him recount the circumstances of the admission of Voltaire and of Franklin to the Academy of Sciences, the highest honor known to French literature. He was present, and recollects the incidents as freshly as the events of to-day. He was the physician of Franklin, and dwells with peculiar delight upon his noble simplicity, and upon the high consideration which he, a foreigner and a republican, had acquired in France. He says that Franklin had determined to submit to a surgical operation, believing it was necessary to enable him to return to his native country, and that the hope of spe-

ing again, and dying in, the land of his birth, was his ruling passion, and the consoling anticipation, amid the pain he suffered. Happily his old age was spared this rude trial.

Since the interview with my nonagenarian, I have felt better able to estimate the degree of excitement, and its consequences upon the whole views and habits of society, which accompanied the first explosion and the early progress of the Revolution. This man, member of a liberal profession, and an eminent member too, was already at a ripe age, when the great moral storm burst upon France. His narration, his declaration, his appearance, his animation, all show that he was a *patriote enragé*—as true a political fanatic as ever followed or guided in any of the scenes of the Revolution. And such he is to this day, in all his sentiments connected with the events or the men of that period; and such he will die. I listened with surprise, when I heard him denounce, as imbecile or dishonest, men whom history has recorded as the glories of their age and country. But my moral sense was actually shocked when he broke out into an eulogium upon Robespierre, to whom he attributed every virtue to be found in the Saint's Calendar. And I could not be deceived in the sincerity of his estimate of this great Arch-Priest of Infidelity and Murder, as all the accredited historians of the Revolution have painted him, and as we too have been taught to consider him in the United States. But if a man like my informant could be so excited, and could suffer his moral faculties to be so obscured, as to find, not merely a palliation, but a justification, for the deeds of blood which drew upon France the reprobation of the world, and convert the authors of those

scenes into angels of light, it ought not to occasion surprise, that the great mass of French society have participated in the same sentiments, and co-operated in the same events. The old government must have been in the last stages of abuse, before the feelings of the people could have been roused to this point of *exaltation*, and their energies to the terrible trials they were destined to encounter. This friend of the *Savans* of the last century was one of the captors of the Bastille, and yet wears at his button-hole the decoration given to him by the Constituent Assembly for his conduct upon that occasion. And he is as proud of his deeds upon that first day of the triumph of popular violence, when the stronghold of despotism fell, as ever was Napoleon, or Wellington, or Soult, upon their greatest battle field.

He accompanied the crowd which repaired from Paris to Versailles to demand bread of the King, and which returned to the capital the next day leading prisoners, in fact, the monarch and his family. He marched at the head of the column, alongside of General Hulin, who commanded, as far indeed as any command could be exercised over such a multitude. He recounts with great readiness, and I doubt not with equal fidelity, the circumstances of that memorable expedition, which gave the death-blow to royalty in France. He was near the King and Queen, when they appeared in succession upon the balcony of the palace of Versailles, and heard them avow their readiness to accompany their importunate visitors to Paris—the Queen resting one hand upon the shoulder of General Lafayette, and holding the Dauphin by the other.

He was present at the execution of Louis XVI., and

within a few paces of the guillotine. He says the *Patriotes* of Marseilles formed a hedge along the Boulevards, between the ranks of which moved a common *berlin*, in which was the King, (with his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth,) Garat, the Minister of Justice, and some municipal officers. When the carriage reached its destination, the municipal officers and the Minister of Justice alighted first, and then were followed by the King, who after putting his feet upon the steps of the carriage returned to speak to his confessor. He then descended, and was taken possession of by the executioner, and the sad incidents which follow are now consigned to history. He distinctly heard the King when he addressed the immense crowd which filled all the vast square, where the scaffold had been erected. And he repeats the phrase, word for word, as it is recorded,* stopping at the fatal "*but—*" when the Commandant Santerre broke in, and exclaiming, "Don't let him speak!" instantly ordering the rolling of the drums, which drowned the voice of the unfortunate monarch, and was the immediate prelude to the consummation of the great drama. I asked him particularly what was the personal bearing of the King; and he assured me that it was dignified and collected, and that there was no appearance of fear in his conduct. He looked round

*The accounts of the last words uttered by the unhappy King at this fatal moment, here referred to, do not exactly agree, though substantially the same. As given in Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, they were as follows: "Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the scaffold, and near appearing before God, that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" when his voice was interrupted and drowned by the roll of the drums at the command of Santerre.

upon the multitude with the calmness of religious resignation, and met his fate with composure.

In surveying the French national character of the present day, it is difficult to recognize those traits of cruelty which were so shockingly developed during the Revolution. A monomania must have prevailed, hurrying the nation into acts inconsistent with its general feeling, and marking that time of political effervescence as an extraordinary period in human history. You hear many facts of romantic interest recounted here depicting the features of those days ; and as a conclusion to these desultory sketches, I will relate a short story I have just heard, not only because it is interesting, but because it is connected with the memory of Mr. Morris, our Minister at Paris when the Revolution broke out, and who was honored with the confidence of Louis XVI. It was told me by M. Le Ray de Chaumont, a most respectable man, well known in the United States, where he lived many years, highly estimated, and who now, in a fresh old age, having returned to France, enjoys the regard of an extensive circle of friends.

Count de F*****, a general officer in the French army, commanded a division of the troops which were reviewed by Louis XVI., on the morning of the fatal 10th of August, 1792 ; and during the progress of that terrible day he was particularly distinguished by the courage he displayed in defending the Swiss, the peculiar objects of the vengeance of the Jacobins. He escaped the fate which so many others met on that occasion, and eluded the researches of his enemies by taking refuge with a statuary, where he hid himself behind the statues when he had reason to apprehend the approach of any person who was seeking him. Here he

remained till the second of September, a day ever memorable in the *fastes* of the Revolution, for the terrible butcheries which were perpetrated upon the prisoners in the various houses of detention in Paris. Two days previously domiciliary visits had been made in order to discover suspected persons, and those who escaped detection upon this occasion, thinking that the vigilance of the municipal authorities would be relaxed, were less careful in their precautions—a result probably anticipated and designed. General de F., considering his personal danger much diminished, repaired to the house of Mr. Morris, who was his intimate friend, and where Madame de F. was then living. Here, while sitting at dinner, and relieved from the painful anxiety which had so long pressed upon him, he was suddenly alarmed by the ringing of the *tocsin* and the beating of the *générale*. Mr. Morris was unwilling to dispatch one of his own servants into the streets to ascertain the cause of these appalling signals, but M. Le Ray de Chaumont, who was at table, had a faithful servant belonging to the National Guard, and clad in its uniform, who could penetrate anywhere with safety; and he was sent out to collect and bring back the necessary information. He returned, after being almost compelled to join in the slaughter which was going on, and reported the events that were passing, and added, that he had seen several bodies of armed men, apparently in search of victims. The whole party immediately rose from table, and Mr. Morris told General de F. that it was necessary for him instantly to seek another place of refuge, as he felt sure there was a spy among his servants, who would give immediate information, and that his hotel would then be searched; which circumstance might be attended with serious consequences to

the relations between his country and France. He added, that he ought, if possible, to avoid all pretence for this violation of the immunity secured to him by the law of nations. General de F. fully coincided in this view, and felt the necessity of an immediate retreat. But having neither carriage nor servant at the house, and being withal rendered almost incapable of walking by the gout, he was exceedingly embarrassed as to the step he should take. Under these circumstances, M. Le Ray de Chaumont felt the situation of the gallant officer an appeal to his humanity, and offered to accompany him in search of protection. He then entered the cabinet of Mr. Morris, to burn some papers which were there, and which might have compromised him ; and was followed by Mr. Morris, who warned him of the danger he was about to encounter. However, his resolution was not to be shaken, and he left the house holding General de F. by one arm, while the servant held the other.

They had advanced but a few steps, when they met a patrol ; and the commanding officer, arresting the general, ordered him to accompany the guard, at the same time, making a motion to separate M. Le Ray de Chaumont from his friend. The former, however, expressed his determination not to leave his companion, and the officer permitted him to remain, adding in a warning voice, that if he chose he might partake his fate. He then signified to the servant that his services were not wanted : but this faithful fellow, approaching his master, said he would not quit him, as he knew him to be a good citizen. " Let us go to the Abbaye," said the officer, and they took the route to that den of murder. Arrived near one of the alleys

which lead to it, our little party was surrendered to a picquet of soldiers, and the commanding officer ordered one of them to take charge of the prisoners, and to conduct them to the prison. The alley was narrow, and was encumbered by several heaps of stone, so that two persons only could move abreast. The soldier proceeded, holding the General by the arm, and M. Le Ray de Chaumont followed, with his servant. A few moments brought them within hearing of the cries uttered by the unfortunate victims of that night of horror. At this moment, the idea occurred to M. Le Ray de Chaumont to seize the sword of his servant, and then kill the soldier, and after that to endeavor to make their escape. While in the act of grasping the sword, the General stumbled, and the soldier, hastening to support him, testified his regret at the accident. Instantaneously struck by a kind of conviction, that the humanity of this man might be operated upon to induce him to favor their flight, M. Le Ray de Chaumont abandoned his first design, and addressing the soldier, said to him ; " You show your good disposition to the General, and yet you are about to be the instrument of his death." The soldier shuddered. " Yes, of his death," continued M. Le Ray de Chaumont ; " for it is not to a tribunal you are about to conduct him, but to a gang of murderers, who kill without trial and without distinction." " What can I do ?" said the soldier. " Let us go back the way we came, and we will try to pass out, saying we have been acquitted." " Yes, but if they disbelieve you, I shall be executed as a traitor." " You can avoid any suspicion ; follow us at some distance, and if we are arrested, hasten up and denounce us, as having escaped." This appeal was accompa-

nied by a promise to pay the soldier three hundred francs, which he might receive the next day by calling upon M. Le Ray de Chaumont, or the American Minister, whom he knew. While the man hesitated the servant recognized him as having mounted guard at the door of his master, where was a *corps de garde*, and he joined his solicitations to those of the latter. Finally the soldier yielded, and General de F., attended by his two companions, hastened back to the picquet, with joyful countenances, the servant singing a patriotic song, "Allons, enfans de la patrie!"—and others exclaiming with loud voices, "*Vive la justice* for the good citizen!" In this manner they passed the guard unquestioned, most of whom were singing and intoxicated, and escaped the death which that night overtook so many others as innocent as they were. When the soldier called upon Mr. Morris the next morning for his present, which M. Le Ray de Chaumont had taken care to prepare for him, he expressed his gratification at the escape of the party, and the regret he should have experienced, if he had been the cause of the death of the General and his companions. But he added, with that strange inconsistency which marked this period, "as to those *Calotins*,"—so the priests were called,—"nothing pleases me more than to get rid of them. I killed two of them last night with my own hands."

The subsequent fate of General de F. was melancholy and interesting. He left Paris and reached Boulogne, where, when he was upon the point of embarking for England to meet his wife, he was arrested and imprisoned to await his trial before the proper tribunal.

As soon as Madame de F. heard of this misfortune, she prevailed upon a person to seek an interview with her husband, and to take with him a small dagger and a purse of fifty guineas, with these words written upon a little piece of paper—"stab or bribe." "I will do neither," promptly exclaimed the generous prisoner. "The soldier who has charge of me is a worthy man, and I will neither injure him, nor corrupt him. I will trust to the Tribunal, and hope for justice." In this instance—and a rare instance it was—he was not deceived. The Tribunal acquitted him: but when about to embark for England, he was apprehended by an order from Paris, transferred there, and perished upon the scaffold. The faithful servant was not forgotten. He was asked what he most desired; and answering, to be established in his native district, he was sent there, provided with what was necessary to support him in life.

At another time, however, Mr. Morris found himself compelled to enforce the inviolability of his mansion, and he took his measures with promptitude and decision. The Duchess de D**** had sought refuge in his house in the country; and while there, a party of the armed police came to seek and arrest her. But Mr. Morris refused to deliver her up, and claimed his right, as the American Minister, to be exempt from search. After much altercation, this point was yielded, and the police then called for the papers of the Minister. He refused them, and at length they said they would not remove them, but that they would put them under seal. Mr. Morris told them, that if they did, he would tear off the seals in their presence, and throw the envelopes in their faces. And this strange scene actu-

ally took place, after which the party withdrew, unwilling to proceed to extremities. In the night, the Duchess left the house, without the knowledge of Mr. Morris, to relieve him from the embarrassment of her presence.

She was soon, however, apprehended, and with a generous regard to the welfare of her daughter, she determined to destroy herself, in order that her fortune might not be confiscated, as it would have been had she suffered the sentence of the law. She made the effort, but was discovered before she was dead, and the wound was ultimately healed. And it is pleasant to record, in conclusion, that Mr. Morris interfered so efficaciously with the Committee of Public Safety that her life was spared.

THREE HOURS
AT
SAINT CLOUD.



THREE HOURS
AT
SAINT CLOUD.

It was a glorious evening, toward the middle of September, when we ascended the hill whose summit is crowned by the Chateau of Saint Cloud. The sun was pouring its setting rays over the beautiful valley of the Seine, and as the whole region stretched before us to the east, the flood of light was sent back, exhibiting all the prominent objects in bold relief, as they are represented in the pictures of Claude Lorraine. We stopped to gaze upon this landscape, no longer wondering that a residence which commanded such a prospect had long been a favorite habitation of Napoleon, as it now was of Louis Philippe. A broad fertile valley was before us, bounded in the distance by the elevated plateau through which the river has worn itself a passage, and where it winds from side to side, as if to adorn as well as to fertilize the domain it has conquered.

This father of the French rivers, however great his renown in Europe, would form but a feeble tributary to the magnificent streams which our country pours into

the ocean. Nature has indeed spread out her works upon a more extensive scale in our favored regions, than in this older portion of the human heritage. Our lakes and rivers, plains, vallies, and forests, are impressed with a character of vastness, if I may coin an abstract term, which is itself one of the attributes of true sublimity, and which produces upon the traveler who visits them, emotions which no after events in life can efface. I never felt more profoundly the weakness of man and the power of God, than when seated in a frail birch canoe, with its ribs of cedar, and its covering of bark, descending the Mississippi in the night, and approaching the junction of this mighty river with the mightier Missouri.

These little Indian boats are admirably calculated for the manners of our aborigines, and of the Canadian voyageurs, their co-tenants of the western forests, and often their co-descendants from the same stock, and for the various lines of internal communication which nature has so bountifully provided for the trans-Alleghany regions. Driven by the paddle and by the wind, with great ease and velocity, light and apparently fragile, they are managed with skill, and safely ride over the waves, which they seem hardly to touch; and when they reach an interruption in the navigation, they are taken from the water and carried to the next point of embarkation, across the intervening country. I had come down the Mississippi in one of these shells, paddled by a crew of voyageurs, a race of men of tried fidelity, of wonderful muscular strength, and with powers of abstinence and repletion alternately tried by periods of want and abundance, which are at once the effect and the accompaniment of nomadic life. No

Frenchman exceeds them in animal spirits, and no Dutchman in love of tobacco; and their intervals of exertion and repose are called *pipes* and *pauses*; and during the former, they paddle with the utmost force of their tawny arms, keeping time to their songs, which break upon the silence of the forest, while the period of relaxation is passed in cheerful conversation.

One of those excitements, almost periodical, which make their appearance among our Indian tribes, and which spread alarm upon the frontiers, had suddenly manifested itself upon the upper regions of the Mississippi; and I had descended the river with a rapidity till then unknown; traveling day and night, with short intervals of repose for my willing but weary crew. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have sought the first good place of encampment which presented itself toward the decline of day, and landing, should have taken from the water and brought to shore my canoe and luggage; and pitching my tent, and lighting a good fire, should have disposed myself for a comfortable supper and a quiet night. But I was obliged to forego these luxuries of interior western traveling, and the night had already commenced, when I passed the mouth of the Illinois, and was advanced, when the gradual relaxation of the current warned us that we were approaching the point of junction of those great arteries of the continent, where the Missouri precipitates itself, with the force of its tremendous stream, into the Mississippi, and sending its current almost to the opposite bank, checks for many miles the power of its rival; a rival which usurps its name, but whose changed characteristics from here to the sea, sufficiently indicated its inferiority. The peculiar features of

these great rivers, seeking their origin in regions so distant, and mingling in a common mass, to pour their joint floods into the ocean, presents one of the most interesting subjects of consideration which the study of our geology offers to the inquirer.

The current of the Missouri is prodigious; boiling, whirling, eddying, as though confined within too narrow a space, and striving to escape from it; it is perpetually undermining its banks, which are thrown into the stream, almost with the noise of an avalanche, and its water is exceedingly turbid, mixed with the earth, of which it takes possession, and exhibiting a whitish, clayey appearance, so dense and impenetrable to the light, that it is impossible to discern an object below the surface of the river. The Mississippi, on the contrary, is a quiet, placid stream, with a gentle current, and transparent water, where the traveler leaves few traces of its ravages behind him, and apprehends no danger before him. We had no moon, but the stars shone brightly, and danced in the clear water of the river, revealing the dark foliage of the forests, which seemed like walls to enclose us as we swept along, but still opening a passage to us as we advanced. Our Canadians had been merry, sending their songs along the water, breaking the stillness of the night, alternately by the clear voice of the favorite singer, and then by the loud chorus, in which each joined, with equal alacrity and strength of lungs. But as the night closed around us, their gaiety disappeared; and the song and the chorus gradually died away, leaving us in the silence of the flood and forest, which seemed to be our world; alive only with the little band whose destiny was committed to as frail a bark as ever tempted danger.

There seemed to be something sacred in the place and circumstances. There was indeed no holy ground, nor was there near a burning bush, nor warning voice to proclaim the duty of adoration. But we all felt that we had reached one of those impressive spots in the creation of God, which speak his power in living characters ; and we had reached it, covered by the shadows of night, whose obscurity, while it shrouded the minuter features of the scene, could not conceal its great outlines, though it added to the deep and breathless emotions with which we gazed around us, seeking to penetrate the narrow, gloomy barrier that shut us in. We felt the very moment when we touched the waters of the Missouri. We heard the boiling of its mighty stream around us. We were launched upon our course almost like a race-horse in the lists. Our light canoe was whirled about by the boiling flood, and the thick, muddy water sent us back no friendly stars to guide and enliven us. The slightest obstacle we might have encountered, a tree projecting from the bank, a "sawyer," or a floating log, would have torn off the frail material which was alone between us and the stream, and left not one of us to tell the story of our fate. And it was impossible to distinguish the danger, or to take any measures to avert it. But we reached St. Louis in safety ; and I look back to the impressions of that night, as among the most powerful which a life not void of adventures has made upon me.

But I must not be diverted from the valley of the Seine to the great basin of the Mississippi by these reminiscences of western life and scenery, and of the stirring events with which I have mingled. The French river is after all a very respectable stream, and

invaluable for the purposes of communication, of fertility, and of salubrity. It enters Paris at the southeastern corner, between the Garden of Plants and the open square where formerly rose the Bastile, but where the Column of July, surmounted by the gilt statue of Liberty, now marks the site of the inhumation of the citizens who fell in the great struggle of 1830 against the expiring effort of power. It divides the city into two unequal portions, having the Faubourg St. Germain, the residence of the old nobility, and the last refuge of the old ideas, upon the left, and the modern world upon the right. After passing many a spot consecrated by history, and bathing the walls of many a splendid monument, it leaves this great Babylon, and enters the open country at the Champs de Mars, the seat of French power and turbulence in the olden times. Here it sweeps through a beautiful region, approaching the foot of the declivity, which gradually rises into the elevated barrier that shuts in upon the south its wide valley, and which forms a deep curvilinear indentation, of many miles' extent, which the river follows, and by whose course it is again brought near the city, at its northern barrier. Here the hill of Montmartre is the prominent object in the landscape, and it presents a far more agreeable spectacle, with its heavy but still picturesque wind-mills, than it will do when covered with bastions, and bristling with cannon, agreeably to the project now in execution for securing the capital of France against foreign invasion, and perhaps against domestic violence, by extensive fortifications.

This great curve of the Seine, which in some portions of our country would be expressively indicated by the term *ox-bow*, to the natural beauties which adorn it joins

all the embellishments which taste, wealth, and time, can give. It contains the village of Passy, remarkable for its extensive and beautiful prospects, for its medicinal waters, and for having been the residence of d'Estaing, of the Abbé Raynal, and above all, of Franklin : Auteuil, where Boileau, Molière, Helvetius, Condorcet, and Rumford, and many other men whose names belong to universal literature, sought refuge from the tumult of the capital : of Neuilly, whose superb avenue is a prolongation of the great route which traverses the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries, and which, situated upon the banks of the Seine, finds in its juxtaposition to the Royal Chateau, and to the Bois de Boulogne, attractions which render it an agreeable residence during the warm season of the year, though the principal occupation of its inhabitants, who are "blanchisseuses," *Anglice*, washerwomen, is anything but romantic ; and of Boulogne, another pretty refuge from Paris, when Paris becomes intolerable. This is an ancient village, going back to the first race of French kings ; and it was to its church that a crowd from Paris flocked to hear le frère Richard, a renowned preacher of the fifteenth century. An old chronicle, while describing the effect produced by the apostolic fervor of this holy man, gives us incidentally some curious information respecting the fashions adopted by the ladies of that period. "The men," says this quaint historian, "burnt their gambling tables and chess-boards, their cards, their balls, and billiards, their nurelis, and all such things ; and the ladies all the ornaments of their heads, as bourneaux, truffeaux, pieces of leather and whalebone, which they put in their head-dresses, to make them stiff. They burnt also their horns and their tails,

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and a great heap of **their** finery." The village of Clichy is also found within this circuit. It contains many pleasant country houses, and was a royal seat in the reign of Dagobert, in the seventh century. Here is also Neuilly, a beautiful summer residence of the King of the French, and Boulogne, a residence not so magnificent, but not less beautiful, of Rothschild, the King of the Bankers. In their neighborhood, but on the opposite side of the river, is Surenne, where our countryman, Mr. Wells, possesses a very pretty place, and where his accomplished lady dispenses her hospitalities to a numerous circle of friends. The Bois de Boulogne, which covers perhaps one-half of this extensive sweep of the Seine, is a favored resort of the Parisians. Its walks and alleys, laid out with great taste, and maintained with great care, its green sward and its pretty trees, render it a charming excursion for the crowd, who, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, seek relaxation in its solitude and shade. The contrast, too, is striking, for one passes instantaneously from the confusion of this great city to all the quiet of distant seclusion. When an American, however, hears these small trimmed and cultivated trees, planted with mathematical precision, and divided by nice, clean gravel walks, called a *forest*, he involuntarily thinks of the interior region of his own continent, covered with the growth of the primitive ages, and extending to the shores of the Pacific; filled with the giants of vegetation, who rear their heads aloft, and stretch their mighty limbs over the surface of the earth, relics of the olden time, and witnesses of many an event for ever lost to human knowledge.

The inclined plane which bounds this amphitheatre

on the opposite side of the Seine, is studded with villages, country seats, and cultivated fields; and in the distance, through a cleft in the high grounds, Versailles rises into view, with its chateau and its parks; that splendid monument, the seat of the selfish magnificence of Louis XIV., of the shameless licence of Louis XV., and of the virtues and imbecility of Louis XVI.; and where Louis Philippe has displayed his taste and patriotism, by forming a national temple, whose inscription, "To all the Glories of France," proclaims to the visitor, whether native or foreigner, that genius and merit here find their appropriate reward. It is indeed a superb collection, commemorative of the *fastes* and names which constitute the pride of France, and which adorn the brightest pages of French history. A character is sometimes illustrated by a simple fact; and the selfish isolation of Louis XIV., that predominant feeling, which led him to consider himself as every thing, and the kingdom and people as nothing; a feeling originating in his temperament, but nourished and strengthened by the abject flattery of which through life he was the object; is strikingly displayed by the numerous original portraits he left of himself, by the neglect he showed to the memory of his grandfather, Henry the Fourth, the very personification of a patriot king. I was told by *one*, who knew best, and whose common descent from these two celebrated men left his feelings without partiality between them, that the Chateau of Versailles contained sixty portraits of Louis XIV. at the time of his decease, and not one of the Conqueror of the League.

Standing on the elevated plateau of St. Cloud, the eye wanders over this delightful valley, strewed with

palaces, chateaux, temples, villages, groves, and cottages, and then rests on the great city which lies before it in the distance. The nearest and most prominent object is the Arc de Triomphe, one of the most splendid efforts of modern architecture, and well worthy to form the portal of such a capital. Beyond it rise the dome of the "Invalides," the towers of Notre Dame, the Column of the Place Vendome, the granitic Obelisk of Sesotris, and many other structures which embellish the French metropolis, and break the uniformity of its world of houses. And then comes the mass of buildings which bound the view in this direction, and which, burnished by the setting sun, seem like a rampart of light guarding the eastern horizon.

The history of St. Cloud can be traced back to the period of the Roman domination in Gaul, when the contests between the oppressors and the oppressed drove some of the unfortunate inhabitants to seek refuge in the thick forests which then covered all this elevated region, and extended to the very border of the river. But it owes its present name and its first celebrity to its choice, as a retreat from the cares of the world, by Clodoalde, the grandson of Clovis, whose romantic history, and escape from the fury of his uncles, is told by Gregory of Tours, and who in the sixth century exchanged a crown for a cowl, and finished his life in a hermitage, which he established here. From this time, it has been the theatre of many interesting events in French history, and it was the seat of the *coup d'état* which transferred the sovereign power of France from the feeble hands of the Directory, to the fortunate General who so long guided her destiny. Sieyes, so fertile in constitutional projects, was the author of the

lucky thought which removed the legislative body from the power of the turbulent Parisians to the silence of St. Cloud, where the military force could be brought to act without danger upon the disaffected representatives. When the plan of operations for placing Bonaparte at the head of the state had been well concocted, Regnier, upon the suggestion of Sieyes, taking advantage of a provision of the constitution which gave to the Council of Ancients the right to fix the place of session of the legislative body, proposed a decree, which was immediately passed, transferring the place of meeting to St. Cloud, and giving to General Bonaparte the command of the armed force. The night which succeeded the passage of this decree, and which preceded its execution, was employed as the vigils of revolution have always been employed in Paris, in consultation and preparation, in securing friends and in gaining or intimidating enemies, and in circulating mysterious rumors, which, like the first breathings of the tempest, foretell the coming storm. The next day found the actors of the great drama at their posts, assembled in the halls of the chateau of St. Cloud, when the principal performer made his entry upon the scene, surrounded by a brilliant état-major, and disclaiming the character of a Cæsar or a Cromwell, and, professing a moral republican abnegation of all ambitious views, broke out into that theatrical apostrophe which forms so characteristic an incident in his career. After various reproaches, and answering or returning the remarks of some of his adversaries, he left the Hall of the Ancients, where this scene passed, and repaired to the more numerous and more important assembly of the legislature at St. Cloud, where he remained, until he had

its session in an adjacent apartment. The events which passed here are well known : [the firmness of his brother Lucien, and the attachment of the armed force, rescued the *man*, as his partisans love to call him, from his perilous position, and enabled him to consummate the revolution, and to render himself Master of France.

The chateau and park of St. Cloud were purchased by Louis XIV. in 1658, and presented to his brother the Duke of Orleans, the head of the reigning dynasty of France. Great improvements in the buildings and grounds were made by the first possessor, under the direction of the most celebrated artists ; and the embellishments were continued during the period of its occupation by the Orleans family, which was down to the year 1782. At this time, the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI., struck with the beauty of its situation, and with what Brown, the English picturesque gardener, would call its capability, a word, by the by, which became his own sobriquet, prevailed upon the grandfather of the king, Louis Philippe, to cede it to her, in exchange for Neuilly, which she held in her own right. She greatly preferred her new acquisition to the more splendid but more constrained and fatiguing residence of Versailles, and has left many proofs of her taste in the changes she introduced.

When Napoleon became Emperor, this chateau was his favorite dwelling, and from his habitual residence there, his government was called the Cabinet of St. Cloud, as the ante-revolutionary government was called the Cabinet of Versailles, and the post-revolutionary one the Cabinet of Tuileries. He also took pleasure in improving the chateau and the domain around it ;

and Louis Philippe, who resides here with his family during the summer and autumn, with his accustomed magnificence, has followed and surpassed the projects of his predecessors, and has rendered this seat a true fairy palace and park; one of the most beautiful residences which can be found in Europe. The grounds are extensive and diversified, shaded by noble trees, and divided by sweeping gravel walks, which stretch in every direction, and continually relieved by some column, statue, little lake, grotto, spouting jet d'eau, or murmuring cascade. To convey an idea of the scale of magnificence upon which these embellishments have been projected and executed, I will state, from the guide-books, that the great cascade has a fall of one hundred and eight feet, and a width of the same extent, and that the giant jet, so called, throws up a prodigious column of water to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet; while both are set off with all the appliances which art can devise to heighten the effect they are so well calculated to produce. The water is brought in a canal from a considerable distance, and the supply far exceeds the quantity at Versailles. You can travel many miles in these woods, without returning upon your traces.

The chateau is upon the first plateau, and the little village of Saint Cloud, hanging upon the declivity of the steep hill below it, is between it and the river. The building consists of a main body, with two wings at right angles, forming a large court-yard, and open toward the valley of the Seine and the city of Paris. I have no talent for architectural description, and my observation leads me to avoid the effort; for the impression it produces is always confused and unsatisfac-

tory. I shall therefore leave to the reader the task of figuring to himself the aspect of such a monument and such a place.

I had arrived at St. Cloud an invited guest to dinner. Our party originally consisted of four Americans : the Minister, Gov. Everett of Boston, Mr. Walsh of Philadelphia, and the Secretary of Legation. Unfortunately a sudden indisposition had prevented Mr. Walsh from accompanying us. This we all regretted, for this highly intelligent gentleman conciliates the respect of all with whom he is brought into contact. In connection with his name, I may mention an incident concerning his invitation, which proves the kind consideration of the Royal Family. Not knowing his residence with certainty, two notes had been addressed to him, one at Paris, and another at Versailles, and each had been sent by a special messenger, so as to exclude the possibility of any mistake.

The rest of our party had agreed to meet in the court of the chateau at the hour indicated, which was six o'clock. As royalty must not be intruded upon before its own time, so it must not be kept waiting after the time has arrived. Punctuality, therefore, which is always a virtue, becomes here a duty of propriety. As the Minister was at Versailles, and Gov. Everett and the Secretary at Paris, the two latter had made an arrangement to come together, and to meet the former, who was to present them. The carriage which first arrived was to wait for the other in the outer court of the chateau. But alas ! how often are the wisest plans of life defeated by some trivial but unforeseen circumstance. The King had visited Paris, and had not returned. Being every moment expected, the establish-

ed etiquette did not allow a carriage to remain in the court. Our party, which first arrived from Paris, were therefore compelled to alight, and to enter the vestibule of the palace. Here they wished to remain, until joined by the Minister ; but they had been observed by the aide-de-camp on duty, who immediately sought them, and insisted upon introducing them into the hall of reception. From the vestibule they mounted a noble flight of marble stairs, which terminates at a landing, where the upper servants are stationed, and where a register is kept of all the visitors who enter. From here they passed into a large square apartment, decorated with some superb pictures, and then into a billiard hall, which is hung around with rich gobelin tapestry, wrought with various scenes in the life of Henry the Fourth, and copied from the pictures of Rubens. The pictures are almost living and speaking, and it requires the evidence of feeling, to convince a person, not well acquainted with the products of this wonderful manufacture, that they are the efforts of the loom, and not of the pencil. The colors are admirable, and lights and shades are represented with a clearness of effect which is almost marvellous. Passing through this room as slowly as propriety allowed, but too rapidly to give us more than a glance at its treasures, we entered the Salon of Reception.

Here we found several ladies and officers of the court assembled ; and after the usual interchange of compliments, we looked around upon this beautiful apartment. The furniture was in excellent taste ; at the same time rich and comfortable, but not gorgeous in its material, nor overloaded with ornament. Two round-tables, surrounded with chairs, indicated the

places where the Queen and the ladies of her family and court, as well as visitors, seat themselves habitually in the evening, and pass their time in conversation.

* This room is called the "Salon of Mercury," because the ceiling is painted with the attributes and deeds of the light-fingered god. Various allegories, drawn from the heathen mythology, are represented, and among them the Delivery of the Apple, and the Judgment of Paris. The walls are hung with gobelin tapestry, where are wrought some of the interesting incidents in the life of Mary de Medicis, the wife of Henry the Fourth, the mother of Louis XIII., the grand-mother of Louis XIV., and of Monsieur his brother, the founder of the Orleans family. We had a better opportunity to examine these hangings than those in the preceding apartment; but it would be vain to endeavor by description to convey a notion of the effect they produce. The figures seem to stand out from the surface, and there is a delicacy and accuracy in their outline and details, which rival the designs of the great master, Rubens, from which they have been wrought. One of them, representing the conclusion of peace in 1620, contains a winged and naked Mercury, the very *beau idéal* of manly beauty.

In a few minutes the Queen, with her youngest daughter, the Princess Clémentine, entered the room, and after saluting the company, and conversing with the American guests, took her seat in a kind of alcove, opening into a gallery, which surmounts the court, and commands a full view of the magnificent environs. The Minister soon arrived, and then different members of the Royal Family, who were followed by the King. The manners and address of Louis Philippe are prepossess-

ing, and he has that ease and self-possession which an early knowledge of the world and a participation in society never fail to give. Although sixty-eight years of age, his appearance is firm, and his step elastic; and he has a perfect command of himself, which enables him to control his emotion, and to conceal from the world whatever troubles the cares of royalty, even of French royalty, bring with them. He was dressed in the ordinary style of French gentlemen, wearing a plain blue coat, ornamented on the left breast with the star of the Legion of Honor; and what is peculiar to himself, but which is his usual habit, having the chain of his watch, with several keys and seals, suspended at one of his button holes. Bowing to the company as he entered, in such a manner as to seem to neglect no one, he advanced to the Minister, and with much kindness of manner asked him several questions. We were then presented, and he became quite particular in his attentions to Governor Everett. It was obvious that he knew the high consideration which this distinguished gentleman enjoys in our country, and he had too much sagacity not to discover, after a very short intercourse, that this reputation was most justly founded. I more than once, during the evening, felt proud of this representative of American intelligence, not less than at the favorable impression he produced upon the circle, confirmed by the observation of a lady of high rank, who conversed with him.

Very soon the double doors were thrown open, by a principal servant, and the Aide-de-camp de Service, approaching the Queen, intimated, by a slight inclination, that the dinner was served. The Queen, walking up to the Minister, took his arm, and led the way to

the dining-hall. The King followed, leading his beautiful daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Nemours, and then the Duc de Nemours, with his sister the Princess Clémentine. The Duc d'Aumale, the youngest son of the King, gave his arm to one of the ladies of the court, and the two American guests then succeeded, each honored in a similar manner. After us came the military officers, and the other persons invited to the table. We passed through a kind of vestibule, where a band of military music, belonging to the troops on duty at the chateau, was arranged, but concealed from view, and which played while we proceeded, and took our seats, and during a considerable portion of the repast. Entering the dining-room, we found ourselves in a long apartment, modestly decorated and furnished, and having in its centre a table with thirty covers. The service was beautiful, and I may observe, *en passant*, that in this branch of domestic arrangements, the French far exceed the English. Their Sèvres porcelain, and their rich bronze, with its deep orange, which contrasts so admirably with the color of the silver plate, give a most imposing effect to their table equipage. And then the design is conceived in exquisite taste, and executed with great skill. It may well be supposed that the dinner service of the King of France, and the richest individual, perhaps, in the world, is befitting his station and country; and I must leave the reader to draw upon his imagination for a just conception of it, as I eschew all attempts at such descriptions.

The King placed himself in the centre of one side of the table, having a vacant chair on his left, and the Duchesse de Nemours on his right. The Queen was on the opposite side, having the American Minister on

her right, and the Duc de Nemours on her left. The Princess Clémentine was on the right of the Minister, and the Duc d'Aumale on the left of the vacant chair. The other guests seated themselves as they entered, without confusion, and apparently without any previous arrangement. Before we had finished the soup, Madame Adelaide, the King's sister, entered very quietly, and without disturbing any one, took the chair by the side of the King, which had been reserved for her. As she remarked, ladies cannot prepare their toilettes as speedily as gentlemen; and having accompanied her brother from Paris, she had not had time to complete her arrangements when the dinner was announced.

I do not intend to betray my ignorance, by any affected knowledge of the sublime mysteries of French gastronomy. As to the *mets*, and the *entremets*, and all the other terms which belong to this favorite science, I avow, with all reasonable humility, that one more unlearned in the compositions they designate can no where be found. And after having had some opportunities, and not unfavorable ones too, to indulge in the good things of Parisian *gourmanderie*, I do not hesitate to make the shameful confession, that I have cooked a piece of bear's meat upon a stick before the fire, with nothing but the woods around me, and the heavens above me, and have cut off the morsels with a knife, while I held them with my fingers, and then ate them with greater relish than ever accompanied the choicest dish which I have partaken in France. And I was one day exceedingly diverted with an amusing incident, which recalled to me forcibly the contrast between past and present scenes. Circumstances rendered it necessary that I should once resort to Chevet,

the celebrated restaurateur of the Palais Royal, to prepare a dinner for me. It is a folly I have not committed since, nor do I intend to, for such a display suits my taste as little as it does my finances. And behold, to my amazement, the *artiste*, as the French call him, but, in plain truth, this man of pots and kettles, drove up to the door in a handsome carriage, and descended the steps, which his postillion let fall, with all the air of the President of the Council. "Thinks I to myself," verily a contrast! Western life and Parisian life have their peculiar characteristics; but give me the freedom and the excitement of our forests, and I will cheerfully relinquish all participation in the efforts of Parisian cooks, even when they repair to their labor in their own carriages.

The dinner at St. Cloud passed as dinners usually pass, in some conversation, but still more in the laudable operations of eating and drinking. Thank heaven, the days of "healths" and "toasts" have gone by! The fashion is dead, never to be resuscitated. Even in the palmy days of its existence, I had an intuitive horror of those *vinous salutations*, when a man could not touch his glass without popping his head in his neighbor's face, and often at the risk of having his nose broken by some attentive friend, whose thirsty propensities were manifested by the same *striking* ceremony. I have often thought that the excessive absurdity of this custom might be ludicrously exhibited, by converting the salutation from the glass to the plate, and instead of drinking a health, or a "sentiment," as it was called, gravely eating our good wishes, whenever we began a new dish.

The order and silence with which the domestic ser-

vice of the dinner was conducted, were honorable to the interior organization of the royal household. There was no hurry nor confusion on the one hand, nor indifference nor carelessness on the other ; but the servants were alert and attentive ; and there was at least one domestic for each person at the table. Like the customary arrangements at the French dinners, there were three removes, and the dishes were changed and renewed with promptitude and regularity, being brought in by a long file of servants, each of whom delivered his charge to a superior attendant, by whom it was placed upon the table. The whole ceremony did not exceed one hour, when we returned to the Salon of Reception in the order we had left it. In French society, the practice which prevails in England, and which we have borrowed from that country, of sitting at table after the ladies have retired, and *guzzling* wine, (the epithet is a coarse one, but not so coarse as the custom,) is unknown. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be banished. It leads too often to orgies, and not to pleasures ; substituting for rational enjoyment excessive indulgence. I have never been at a dinner in Continental Europe, where the ladies and gentlemen did not retire from the table together. It is very seldom that the entertainment exceeds eighty or ninety minutes ; and often after returning to the salon, I have heard some experienced *eater* observe, with all the self-complacency inspired by a most satisfactory meal, "*It was an excellent dinner, and we were at table but an hour!*"

When we reached the family parlor, as it may be called, we found the Duke and Duchess of Orleans there. They have a separate establishment at the

chateau, and had dined *en famille*, but had come to join the circle of the court, and to pass the evening with it. The Duke is a tall, elegant young man, with an expressive countenance, and great ease of manners. He has received a careful education, and has mingled much with the world ; and these advantages, joined to great native vigor of intellect, have well prepared him for the task he will probably be one day called upon to fill. The Duchess has a sweet countenance, indicative of a most amiable disposition, and at the same time beaming with intelligence ; and her character is in conformity with these annunciations.

The Queen took her seat at one of the round tables, with her sister, her two daughters-in-law, and her daughter, and some other ladies ; while the rest placed themselves at a similar table in another part of the room. We were then presented to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and the former conversed during a considerable time with Governor Everett.

The King invited the Minister to accompany him to another wing of the chateau. They passed through the two rooms I have already described on arriving, and then entered a long apartment called the Gallery of Apollo. The ceiling is splendidly painted, and the walls ornamented with medallions, and hung with upward of ninety pictures ; and there are superb vases, and other precious works of art, distributed through the apartment. This is a favorite promenade of the King, who frequently walks here after dinner, seeking exercise, which is necessary to his health, and which his duties and the attacks to which his life is exposed do not permit him to take in the open air ; and apparently happy to forget the oppressive cares of a crown, in the

reminiscences of former times, and particularly of his adventures in the United States. I have understood that upon this very evening he recounted to the Minister an anecdote, which perhaps the reader will pardon me for inserting here. It was told with great good humor, and with that happy tact which is one of his peculiar characteristics.

The King has much facility in learning languages, and he speaks English, as every Englishman and American who has conversed with him knows, as well as if it were his native tongue. I understand him to be equally conversant with Spanish, Italian, and German; and his knowledge of the latter led to the incident I am about to relate. The King, then Duke of Orleans, was traveling from Harper's Ferry to Winchester; and stopping at one of the villages upon the route, entered a public house, where he found a number of persons, of German descent, engaged in conversing, drinking, and smoking. A friendly intercourse was soon established between the new-comer and his predecessors at the inn, and they talked over the stirring events which were then passing in their father-land, where the French armies had overrun the country, and where "great events were on the gale." The stranger was able to gratify their curiosity, recounting with frankness the events which had occurred. They never doubted but that he was born east of the Rhine, and little suspected that the unknown traveler was the second in command in two great battles which had driven the German armies from the frontiers of France. After some time, they asked him in what part of Germany he was born, and he then told them he was a Frenchman, and a native of Paris. Their ancestral in-

dignation was immediately excited, and his new friends were at once converted into foes. They thought their plausible companion was an unworthy renegade, who denied his parentage, and whose pride or principles induced him to claim the name of Frenchman. "Shame upon you!" said the leader, "shame upon you! You are a base German, to abjure your country, and I will give you a mark as a token of your apostacy!" And, "suiting the action to the word," he threw at his head a heavy loaf of bread, which he held in his hand, and from which he was about to cut a substantial slice. But that head was destined to wear a crown, and not to be broken by this missile, though launched with hearty good will. The fugitive Prince avoided it, and escaped the consequences of his too free avowal.

In about half an hour, the King returned from his promenade, and soon after the musicians, who are nominally attached to the royal household, and called the *Musique du Roi*, made their appearance. The band contains some of the most celebrated composers and performers of France, who have this honorary title, and who serve at the palace upon all state occasions, and whenever called there for the gratification of the royal family. They belong to the French opera of Paris, known officially as the Royal Academy of Music, under which designation it receives a large annual allowance from the treasury, without which appropriation it could not exist. It may be new to the reader, it certainly was to me, to find that many of the Parisian operas, theatres, and *spectacles*, are kept in operation by largesses, granted to them from the public funds. The practice has often been reprobated, and attempts to correct it have been made in the Chamber of Deputies,

as well upon the ground of such a destination being an improper application of the means of the state, as of the manifest injustice to all the other cities of the kingdom, which are compelled to support their own places of public amusement. But these efforts have been vain, and the spectacle-going public of the capital, rich and poor, are enabled by this most unjust and misplaced bounty to enjoy their favorite amusement at a cheap rate. Political motives, however, have obviously their weight in this arrangement, and the government probably thinks that theatres and operas are better than *émeutes*.

This band consists of about thirty performers, and is directed by Auber, one of the most eminent composers of France. It contains Grasset, the chief of the orchestra, Habeneck, the first violin, Franchomme, the first violincello, Galley, the first French horn, and others enjoying a high professional reputation, and well known to the musical circles of Paris. Adjoining the *salon*, in which we were assembled, is the library, a beautiful room, finished and fitted up with great taste, and what is better, supplied with a valuable and extensive collection of books. The performers were introduced into this apartment, and the folding-doors being thrown open, they entertained the company with some of their happiest efforts.

But I feel that I am approaching dangerous ground, and must pause before I reach a precipice. I must avow, with equal frankness, humility, and bad taste, that I have no *ecstasies* for the *artifices* of music, and that I have a most unfashionable contempt for all operas, whether Italian or Potawatamie; whether represented at the Odéon, or at the council-house of my

old friend Topniké. And if I were compelled to select the greatest absurdity which modern fashion exhibits, it would be a troop of performers, singing at each other, as though carrying on the real business of life, and that too in a language which not one in twenty of the enraptured auditory understands. I have been caught once or twice, such is the influence of example upon us all ; but if ever I carry my ears again within hearing of Rubini, Tamburini, or any of the singers *par excellence*, I will consent to leave them open to those shrill vociferations which might excite the envy of an Indian warrior, instead of protecting myself, as I have heretofore done, by closing my auditory nerves. It is my firm belief that a vast majority of the *habitués* of the Italian Opera go there for a place of resort to exhibit themselves, to gaze upon others, and to attain or maintain a reputation for fashion, without the slightest real regard for the music.

As the evening advanced, the persons who are entitled to what is called the right of *entrée*, or in other words, who are expected to present themselves occasionally in the evening at the royal residence, began to make their appearance. At the French court, the King and his family assemble together every evening, in a domestic circle, the ladies seated at round tables, engaged in some light needle-work, destined to a charitable object, and the gentlemen walking about the apartment, and engaged in conversation. Here the Diplomatic Corps, and various members of French society, are admitted without special invitation, and enjoy the facilities of communication with the royal family.

Among the first who arrived, were the Spanish Prince, Don Francisco de Paulo, his wife, and two

daughters. He is the brother of Don Carlos, and the uncle of the reigning Queen of Spain. His wife is the sister of the Queen Regent Christina, who has just abdicated, of the Duchess de Berri, and of the present King of Naples, and she is the niece of the Queen of France. Don Francisco has nothing prepossessing in his appearance; but as his good and bad qualities are equally unknown to me, I shall say nothing of him. He does not mingle much in the society of Paris, and is almost unknown there. After a short time we quitted the apartment, without any formal leave-taking; and thus pleasantly passed three hours at Saint Cloud.

But this is the sunshine of French life; it has also its deep shadows; and if any American envies the one, let him recollect that the other does not rest upon his country. If we have no Saint Cloud, neither have we any of that misery to which the inequality of condition in Europe gives birth. Here is a family, elevated by its position, estimable by its virtues, and surrounded by all those external circumstances which the world considers as the elements of true happiness: and what is better, they have also those moral qualities, without which high rank becomes the shame of its possessors, and a pernicious example to all within the sphere of its influence. And yet the head of this family, the Chief of the State, cannot pass the threshold of his door, without being exposed to the bullet of the assassin. What a reproach upon the country, where such crimes are engendered, if not applauded!

Thank God! we have in our country "*neither poverty nor riches*," in the European acceptation of those terms. We have none of those overgrown fortunes, which accumulate in particular families enormous

wealth, placing under their control large regions of fertile land, with all who inhabit them ; and thus rendering the mass miserable, that the few may live in luxury. I content myself with stating the facts as they exist, without comment or reproach ; neither seeking to investigate the cause, nor to suggest the remedy. As one of the phases of human life, an American may well be anxious to observe the condition and manners of high European society, and to describe them for his countrymen. But the description, if faithful, will contain much more for warning than for imitation. When contrasted with the extremity of penury and wretchedness which everywhere meet the eye, the present tendency of the institutions in Europe, whether continental or insular, presents a subject of painful reflection to the foreign traveler, and I should think of serious alarm to every lover of good order, and to every well-wisher to human nature. In fact, European society is a volcano, prepared at any moment for an eruption, which may bury beneath its lava the happiness of generations. The evil, in truth, lies far deeper than mere appearances indicate. Political institutions certainly require regeneration ; a better adaptation to the present state of society, and to the prevalent opinions of the world ; a system of legislation and administration, not in the interest of a few who govern, but seeking the general welfare of the entire community. But beyond this there are causes in operation which laws cannot reach, and which governments, if they can affect, cannot control. Property is too unequally divided ; population presses too closely upon subsistence ; employment is too often wanting, and too insufficiently paid ; and penury and misery are the consequences. Life, in advance, offers

to the laboring man nothing but a perpetual struggle to procure the means of subsistence, and the prospect of early decrepitude, and of a death in some den of wretchedness, public or private. The extremity of suffering which the old world exhibits, is beyond the reach of an American imagination to conceive. I shall confine myself to a single fact. I passed the last summer at Versailles, where the commanding general put at my disposition a *sous-officier* to accompany me in my walks, and to point out the various localities worthy of particular observation, at that seat of wonders. He was a very intelligent man, and well educated; and I owe to his conversation much knowledge of the true condition of things in the internal economy of France. He was from the neighborhood of Amiens, and his father was a small proprietor. I asked him, one day, what was the usual breakfast of the laboring people in that part of the country. He said, "Plenty of water, and a piece of ammunition bread, rubbed with an onion!"

Well may an American exclaim with the royal Psalmist, not proudly, but with all humility of gratitude to that Providence who has given us such a country and such institutions: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage!"

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

JUN 29 1912

